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## THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1869.

### THE UNFORTUNATE ISLE.

IT was a quaint and poetic fancy of the ancients that somewhere on the western limits of the world, beyond the range of mortal ken and undisturbed by the prow of the adventurous mariner, where the setting sun transmuted the waves into rippling gold, rose an island of singular beauty and fertility. There the air was always redolent with richer perfumes than those wafted to the tempest-tossed mariner by the spicy breezes from Ceylon's isle, the sky was ever blue and the soil teemed with the wealth of Ormus and of Ind. No scorching heat by day nor chilling frosts by night were known. Nature luxuriated in the wildest profusion, and lovely flowers, and stately trees, and bright-winged birds, and gorgeously painted butterflies, and luscious fruits of many hues abounded on every hand. No pain, no sickness, no sorrow, no sin, ever found a footing on those happy shores, whither the favorites of the gods were conveyed without dying, and where they dwelt serene in never-ending joy. What was the exact name of this fortunate land and where its precise location none ever knew; but the belief in its existence was very general up to comparatively modern times. Hesiod first designated it as "The Isles of the Blest," and Herodotus placed it on a charming oasis in the great Sahara, or sea of sand, of North Africa. By Greeks and Romans it was believed to be in the Atlantic a short distance beyond the Pillars of Hercules, and to contain the fabled garden of the Hesperides, whose trees bore golden fruits. But as time destroyed this belief, later romancists placed the new Atlantis farther west, in regions still shrouded in mystery.

While it has been the fate of later ages to dispel all these pleasing fictions, the poet's dream, wild as it was, had some foundation. In the new world which burst so brilliantly into history at the close of the fifteenth century, in the group of tropical islands lying between the great continents of North and South America, and particularly in the isle of Cuba, the noblest and fairest of the whole, what the ancients fondly imagined is to a large extent realized. Nature has been lavish with her gifts to this western Bride of the Sea, pouring into her lap with a bountiful hand all that can charm the eye and delight the palate. Like the promised land of the old Israelites, hers is a country flowing with milk and honey, a land in which eternal summer sits enthroned, where the dews drop fatness, and the valleys and hill-sides laugh and sing in prodigal fertility.

To descend from the realms of poesy into the world of fact, Cuba is about seven hundred and fifty miles long, with a breadth varying from twenty-five to one hundred and thirty miles, and has an area, in round numbers, of fifty thousand square miles. Its population, which is rapidly increasing, numbers about a million and a half, of whom nine hundred thousand are white, three hundred thousand free colored, and the remainder slaves. Its mineral resources are considerable, its copper mines in particular being very productive, and its capacity for growing sugar, coffee, cotton, tobacco, maize, rice, and tropical fruits is unlimited. But while such is its condition physically, nature's fair handiwork has been sadly marred by human passions and infirmities. Politically, Cuba has no claim to the appellation of the "Fortunate Isle," nor her people to the title of "The Blest." Instead of her inhabitants living each under his vine and his fig-tree, none daring to make them afraid—in a state similar to that which Sir Thomas More depicted in his description of Utopia—the history of the island, though contrasting favorably with many of the neighboring Spanish colonies, has been a record of tyrannical misrule, prolific of deep-rooted hatred and discontent which have found their culmination in the struggle now raging for Cuban independence. Endurance under the iron rule of Spanish intolerance has long ceased to be a virtue, and for the past five months the island has been the scene of civil strife. How far the movement is national and shared in by the rich planters is not very clear, but amid much that is conflicting in the telegrams and letters which reach us from the island, the conviction appears to be gaining ground, both there and here, that the success of the revolution is highly probable. Spain, possessing as she undoubtedly does much warlike spirit and no lack of military resources, is yet too remote to strike an effective blow. Scarcely out of the throes of her own revolution, with many smouldering embers of insurrection yet unquenched, and her people bitterly opposed to a conscription to fill the depleted ranks of the army, she is not in a condition to display much vigor in Cuba, though she may still doubtless be strong enough to crush the hornets in her mailed glove, if they would only obligingly give her the opportunity. Avoiding, however, serious conflicts, the rebels seek to harass and worry the royal troops, and the frequent skirmishes which almost daily take place, with oscillating fortune, are in the main favorable to the revolutionary party, and prove the inability of the government to adopt the only policy that has any chance of success.

Our sympathy with this movement for national independence is natural and easily explained; but we cannot, at this stage of the struggle, acknowledge the revolutionists as belligerents or give them material aid in accomplishing their purpose. During our own civil war there was nothing we resent-

ed more bitterly than the hasty conduct of England in recognizing the South as a belligerent power. We felt then, and still feel, that her course was not only unfriendly to us but directly opposed to our ideas of international courtesies and obligations. This principle of non-intervention by a foreign nation between a government and its revolted subjects has been so repeatedly insisted upon by us, that it is quite impossible for us now to throw it aside without stultifying ourselves, and incurring the odium of doing what we have all along so strenuously condemned Great Britain for. Whatever, therefore, may be the views of the President or Congress, the appeal made by General Céspedes, the commander-in-chief of the revolutionary forces in Cuba, for official recognition by this country, ought to be declined. We cannot consistently grant the request; but our moral support and our heartiest sympathies are with the revolutionists, and the more so, if we must be candid, because their success will ultimately be our gain. The achievement of Cuban independence would be the first step in the annexation of the island to the United States. Spanish-Americans have never yet shown much capacity for self-government, and Cuba could not long exist as an independent republic. The history of Mexico would for a few years be re-enacted, and the island, on the petition of its inhabitants, would then be admitted as a state of the Union. We fully expect to see this accomplished during President Grant's administration, and after all it will in the end be the best fate that fortune can bestow upon the Cubans. Under our régime the island would enter upon a prosperous career, and rapidly become in fact what she is now but nominally, the paradise of the South.

### THE IRISH CHURCH BILL.

THE pæans which certain of our contemporaries are singing over what they term the passage of the Irish Church Disestablishment bill are a little premature. The measure has only been read a second time in the House of Commons, and will have to pass through much tribulation before it becomes the law of the land. The new House having been specially elected on this particular question, the large majority by which the second reading was carried, however gratifying to the party of progress, created no surprise, as it was perfectly well known beforehand how the opposite parties numerically stood. Those who are acquainted with English parliamentary proceedings know the precise value of the recent vote; but for those whose knowledge of trans-Atlantic politics is limited, we may state that the second reading of a bill in either House is merely equivalent to a declaration that the chamber approves of the principle of the bill, but does not in any way commit the House to the details of the proposed measure. These details next come up for debate in Committee of the Whole, and can be withdrawn, modified, or substituted according to the pleasure of the House. The bill going into committee is one thing; coming out, it might, if it could, very often exclaim with the Irishman in the song, "I'm not myself at all," having been so cut up, pieced, and patched as to be unrecognizable by its best friends. This was strikingly the case with the Disraeli reform bill, which emerged from the committee's hands with but two of its sections in their original form.

The bill introduced by Mr. Gladstone on the 1st ult., in a speech which has received unbounded praise from both parties, and been characterized as one of the greatest efforts of one of the greatest orators, proposes two things—disestablishment and disendowment. The first includes the complete severance of church and state so far as Ireland is concerned, the withdrawal of the Irish bishops from the House of Lords, the abolition of all ecclesiastical courts and public offices which the Irish archbishops now hold *ex officio*, the dropping of the title baron to which the bishops are entitled, and the placing of the Church on a perfect equality with other religious denominations. On this part of the bill there will doubtless be little contest. Public sentiment is probably in England, and certainly in Ireland, quite prepared for this levelling down of the Established Church. In the former, Irish prelates and clergy have earned an unenviable reputation as slothful sinecurists; and political exigencies which favor the measure are not counterbalanced by any qualms of respect or consideration for church dignitaries. In Ireland itself the bill is regarded as the complement of the Emancipation Act, carried three years before the present Premier began his distinguished parliamentary career, as "a vista of glorious promise opening out to the statesman and the patriot," as freedom from the thrall of a legal religious establishment, and as a just retribution for the part the Church has always taken in the enactment of those penal laws which, as Mr. Gladstone says, England now begins to look back upon with shame and sorrow.

But on the disendowment sections the contest is likely to be prolonged and bitter. All church fabrics are to be left in the hands of the present incumbents on condition that they are kept in good repair, but it is proposed to sequester the whole of the other property of the Church, to hand it over to a royal commission, and, after providing for present life charges upon the estate, devote the surplus to Irish improvements. The net revenue of the Establishment is estimated by the Premier at \$3,500,000 gold, and, capitalizing the various heads from which this is derived, the total assets are as follows:

Tithe rent charge, . . . . .	\$45,000,000
Glebe lands, . . . . .	30,000,000
Other property, . . . . .	3,750,000
	\$78,750,000

Out of this fund, which is considered quite an under estimate, the following sums are to be devoted to present claims:

Life Interest of Incumbents, . . . . .	\$24,500,000
Life Interest of Curates, . . . . .	4,000,000
Purchase of Advowsons, . . . . .	1,500,000
Compensation to Lay Officers, . . . . .	4,500,000
Private Endowments (since 1680), . . . . .	2,500,000
Building Charges, . . . . .	1,250,000
Regium Donum and Maynooth Grant, . . . . .	5,500,000
	\$43,750,000

This leaves a balance, after all liabilities have been met, of thirty-five millions of dollars, which, after deducting half a million for estimated expenses of the commission, will still form a very pretty bone of contention for the hungry wolves to snarl over unless its disposition be definitely provided for by Parliament. Now, if the government has the right—there is no question as to its power—to dispose of church property in this way, there is very little doubt that the proposed bill is eminently fair and just. Either the government, then, possesses this right, or disendowment will be only another name for robbery and spoliation. Originally the rich lands and benefices now owned by the Anglican Establishment were given to the church—then Roman Catholic—by the piety and munificence of Irish princes and other wealthy benefactors in early times. They never formed a part of English crown lands, and were never conferred by any English sovereign or parliament. Clearly, then, the transfer of the property of the old Church of Ireland to the reformed Anglican Church three hundred years ago was the tyranny of might over right. The wealth of the church indisputably belongs to the Catholics, and if taken from its present owners ought to be restored to the legal representatives of its former legitimate possessors. Such a course would be a simple act of justice, and nothing less can fully repair the wrong committed. If Irish Catholics are satisfied, however, with the present measure, no one else can have any valid cause of complaint.

In estimating the probable chances of the passage of this disestablishment bill, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that there is little likelihood of its going through the House of Lords this session. That assembly is far more conservative than the lower House, and being composed of life members, hereditary or elective, is less easily affected by popular opinion. Then it may be safely predicted that all the Irish bishops and most of their English peers will oppose the bill; and when it is further remembered that for many years the Lords annually threw out the bill for effecting so comparatively trifling an innovation as the abolition of church rates in England, after it had been repeatedly endorsed by large majorities in the House of Commons, the probabilities are very slight indeed that so revolutionary a measure as the total disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church will become an accomplished fact this year. That it ought to pass, is true; that it will ultimately pass, is certain; that it will flatter Irish vanity is equally clear; but it will not satisfy Irish aspiration nor allay Irish discontent. Ireland's wrongs have grown into a modern Cerberus—the church question, the land question, and Fenianism, or national autonomy, forming its triple heads. Mr. Gladstone has bravely attacked the least formidable of these; will he prove another Hercules and totally destroy the monster?

#### LADIES AFTER DINNER.

IN those good old days when Mr. Spectator was the oracle of the town, when gentlemen deemed it a sacred duty never to leave the table except by going under it, and ladies made mysteries of their appetites, and were Amins in private to be chameleons in public, we can fancy the consternation that would have been created by a proposition to admit women to take part in a public banquet. But nowadays we have changed all that. One by one an aroused and resolute womanhood is wresting its rights from the reluctant grasp of the tyrant man, and among them not the least, the right of every woman to eat, drink, and make speeches, has been fairly vindicated. That mysterious feminine society whose object so long exercised masculine curiosity and excited masculine apprehension has, at last, definitely, and even defiantly, taken its stand in defence of this great privilege. "Our specific purpose," Sorosis boldly announces to the world, "is growth;" and lo! the enigma of those weekly lunches is at once explained. For one entire year these noble women, in a spirit of devotion as admirable as it is new, have been lunching at Delmonico's, braving all the horrors of dyspepsia in its most insidious forms, drinking satirical toasts to "Man" in horrible mysterious "beverages with an aroma of flowers," like pennyroyal tea or dandelion coffee, actually listening in silence while speeches were made at them, only one at a time, and all this that they might more effectually enforce the inherent and inalienable right of their down-trodden sisters to dine in public if they want to. And, so fortified by this preliminary practice, they attack, knife and fork in hand, the ancient wrong "in all that accumulated strength of expanding womanhood" which much lunching gives; as is eloquently said in their annual address, they raise "their snowy standards inscribed with these golden watchwords in firmamental splendor": Free Speech and Free Lunch. And their efforts and sufferings have been rewarded; their salads and their comfits have not wholly been in vain. Even the trials of that dreadful year must have been in some measure compensated by the triumph of the crowning hour when, scarcely a fortnight ago, on the very spot which their heroic endeavors have for ever consecrated, Woman sat side by side with Man at the festive board, and made her own speeches, and paid for her own dinner. Let us

hope that they will now, in a brief respite from their exertions, recover that "beauty of external expression which is the type of inward harmony," and that it may be very long indeed before, as their president recklessly suggests, they may be driven to the dire necessity of "going to Delmonico's to eat their own selves."

Yet, now that the precedent is fairly established that women are to participate and to make speeches at our public banquets whenever they choose to pay for the privilege, there are suggested to us some curious reflections. It is a noble and inspiring thought that hereafter beauty and chivalry may sit down together to discuss, mouthful by mouthful, the savory terrapin or the delicious *timbales*, and so fortified and elevated, interchange mutual eloquence over the fragments of the feast. But is it going to be so pleasant, after all, for Brown to reflect that his Angelina is counting the number of glasses he has had, or for Robinson to know that the wife of his bosom may get up at any moment and recommend him audibly not to take any more champagne? Then, on the other hand, it may be that wine, under the new dispensation, will be banished with cigars altogether, and our banquets enlivened only with the cup that cheers but not inebriates, or flowing bumpers of the beverage whose aroma is that of flowers. But then farewell to all post-prandial eloquence! Take away the kindly warmth of the Röderer or the gracious illusion of the cigar-smoke, and how *fade* and insipid will seem the wit that, aided by those genial influences, was wont to set the table in a roar. And if you say, Then let the speeches go, we answer that we should not so insult the dignity of expanding womanhood as to abolish at woman's entrance into our civic feasts the very feature that makes the privilege dear. Often and often during those bygone ungallant days when our selfish policy admitted her only to the closing agonies of the banquet, to sniff from some galleried remoteness the savors of dessert which she might not share, and to listen to stupid jests she could not relish—often and often, we may be sure, her heart must have burned within her and her tongue swelled nigh to bursting with noble emulation to exercise her usurped prerogative. And now that she has won her way into that Apician paradise which envious man so long monopolized, to ask her to resign the right that made it worth the winning, to forbid her the chance to tell the world through the courtesy of chivalric reporters all about her expansion and her aspirations and her inward harmony, to measure her tongue with the great men whom we delight to feed, surely this is to ask too much. No; the speeches must remain, but with them should remain the inspiration that makes them tolerable. Let us rather trust that here, too, lovely woman will prove her equality with the coarser sex, and develop an unexpected capacity for champagne and Partagas.

The subject is pregnant with food for speculation. Will the time-honored toast of "Woman" be abolished? or will it divide the honors with "Man"? Will more than one lady be allowed to talk at once, and will there be a chairwoman as well as a chairman? Time and many dinners alone can tell. But this at least is certain, that womanhood has at last discovered the true road to growth, to expansion, to internal harmony. All honor to the main agent in this sublime consummation; all honor to Sorosis! We offer it the tribute of our respectful admiration, we congratulate it on having at last achieved "elemental harmony out of the dissonance of general discord," and we look forward with eager anticipation to the glorious day when, in the realization of Mrs. E. Oakes Smith's sublime aspiration, women will cease to be the female half of the race, and life will be resolved into a rosy millennium of salad and small-talk.

#### THE DAVENPORT MYSTERY.

"OF course it's a juggle," said somebody next to the writer; "but it's a very clever juggle, and no one can find it out." Just so. We hear people on every side laughing, sneering, scolding each other for credulity, swearing that the Davenport Brothers ought to be sent to the treadmill for impudent charlatans and impostors; but yet, and although we also hear from time to time of "exposures" which are to blow the whole thing to the moon, *nobody has yet found out how they do it.*

And what do they do? Simple and, from one point of view, somewhat childish things; things, that is to say, which would be utterly puerile if they were not so utterly inexplicable. These queer transactions have been described a thousand times, and yet for sake of clearness we will imitate Scheherazade and, as a poker player would say, go one better. First, then, to describe the constituents of the show. These consist of two ordinary-looking, undersized young men, with pale faces, dark hair and moustaches, dressed in baggy black clothes, and easily mistakable for waiters at a restaurant or undertakers. They have a mild and deprecating air, and look as if they had been through a great deal of reviling. Beside the brothers, there is a sort of master of the ceremonies, a stoutish, fair-haired man, also in evening dress and having an injured look, as well he may, standing as he does as a perpetual target for the laughter, the questions, and the sarcasms of the audience. This gentleman precedes his thaumaturgic principals and gives a brief but neither very eloquent nor very conciliatory account of the intellectual pleasures to come. After this the two young men come forward with the air of misanthropic acrobats and, after bowing to the company, enter the closet or wardrobe which is the customary theatre of their wonderful experiments. This is a box apparently of stained wood in the shape of a common clothes-press, but with three doors opening outward. These doors are provided with bolts and the middle one has a diamond-shaped window. In size the



box may be seven feet high by five wide and three thick. During the performance it is set so that the doors open toward the spectators. It is also placed on trestles about two feet in height, so that the audience can see under it. Within there are seats at either end at right angles to the front, and a seat in the middle facing the front. On the floor are a guitar or banjo, a tambourine, a dinner-bell, and something that looks like a fish-horn. Such are the actors, the scenery, and properties of the fantastic drama to be presented. When the brothers are seated in the cabinet the master of ceremonies—whose name, we believe, is Fay—invites the audience to join in selecting a committee whose business it shall be to see fair play. This is done by lot—ten or a dozen taking numbered papers, and the first two drawn constituting the committee. On the occasion to which we refer—and which it might as well be said was the first time that the writer had “assisted” at such a performance—two gentlemen were chosen, Mr. Hepburn and Dr. Hubbard, and the choice certainly appeared to be made with all possible fairness. We may add that, although some of the audience showed signs of scepticism on the point, we have not the least doubt whatever but that the committee acted in perfect good faith and without a particle of collusion with the exhibitors.

Messrs. Hepburn and Hubbard, after enduring with equanimity the mixture of derision and applause with which crowds usually receive those who come forward to do them service, proceeded, at the suggestion of Mr. Fay, to tie the Messrs. Davenport with about a hundred feet of inch rope, lashing their hands behind them and to the seats, fastening their legs together and also to the seats, and evidently taking all the pains they could to make the tying effectual, so that the young men could not extricate themselves without help. This done, the doors were closed and bolted and the lights turned down throughout the hall—darkness, it is to be observed, being invariably said to be necessary to the success of the experiments. The instant the doors were closed a hideous uproar began in the cabinet, made up of discordant sounds from the guitar, horn, and tambourine and of heavy raps on the sides of the box itself. Almost at the same moment the horn was thrown violently through the diamond-shaped window of the middle door—the aperture being perhaps a foot wide at the broadest part—and, going over the foot-lights, fell on the floor in front of the first row of spectators. Hands of different sizes now appeared at the aperture, sometimes ringing the bell, sometimes merely *wriggling*, as if to show distinctly and unequivocally what they were. These hands were to appearance in all respects the hands of living human beings. The noise continued with great spirit, the audience listened, some in amazement and some in mockery, the doors flew open, the gas flew up, and the Davenports were discovered entirely free from the ropes, sitting at their ease in the seats to which when last seen they had been tied. So far there appeared to this writer nothing very remarkable, except, it might be, the *instantaneousness* of the noises after the shutting of the closet. It was conceivable that the young men, with a dexterity partly natural and partly the fruit of long practice, should untie themselves and proceed to deafen and astonish their customers with the uproar described. The spectators, however, did not seem satisfied to accept either a supernatural solution, or one which referred the phenomena to the unaided efforts of the Davenports themselves. Oddly enough they turned on the unfortunate committee, insisting in language not too delicate that Messrs. Hubbard and Hepburn were confederates of the exhibitors, that the brothers had been so tied that they could readily escape, and so forth. The committee—which we repeat was to our mind acting in perfect good faith—made various protestations, but the audience were prejudiced against them and they were forced to resign. The people were plainly resolved to believe that it was more likely that Messrs. Hepburn and Hubbard had conspired with Mr. Fay and the Davenports to deceive than that the phenomena were produced in any other way.

Various attempts were now made to secure a committee whom the audience would trust; and, whatever may be their secret, that the exhibitors were extremely anxious that the audience should be satisfied in this respect was palpable. Finally two well-known citizens, General Shaler and Mr. Draper, men whose persons and character were familiar to most of the spectators, were nominated by the people themselves, and with some reluctance consented to serve. They now went upon the platform and repeated the operation of tying the passive brothers. This was done with extraordinary care, and to make assurance doubly sure, General Shaler himself took a seat in the cabinet, and was tied by one arm to each of the Davenports. Flour was also placed in both hands of both brothers, so that any movements of the hands on their part would certainly betray them. Every precaution having thus been taken the three were shut in together. But almost before the doors had been closed, and certainly before the middle door had been, a tremendous hubbub began, the horn was thrown out as before, the mysterious hands frisked about the window with redoubled activity, the instruments were played with tremendous emphasis if little discretion, the dinner-bell pealed with determined pertinacity, and after all the doors flew open, and lo! General Shaler was untied and free, while the brothers were tied fast just as when they were last seen. The audience promptly demanded an explanation from their own investigator, and the general declared in deliberate and carefully chosen words that the instruments had been played all around and above him, that some of them had been on his head, that he had been untied, how or by whom he had no idea, and that the Davenport Brothers—his hands being constantly upon

them—had not stirred. On close examination the knots whereby the young men were bound were affirmed by General Shaler and Mr. Draper to be the same knots that they themselves had tied; while the flour which had been placed in their hands remained in them to all appearance undisturbed. The committee chosen by the audience, gentlemen whose good faith could not for a moment be doubted, were even better satisfied than their suspected predecessors had been that the Davenport Brothers had not produced—that is to say, by any natural and intelligible means—the strange sounds and sights the company had thus witnessed.

We have endeavored to give a prosaic account of these phenomena, which certainly justify one part of the criticism with which this article set forth. If a juggle, it is certainly an astonishingly clever one, and it is no more than fair to say that people who have seen the most extraordinary feats of the renowned East Indian jugglers tell us that, whereas they have been able to penetrate the secret of these latter, they are totally baffled in their attempts on the mystery of the Davenports. What is called the “Dark Séance,” we may add, consists simply in producing in a room of moderate size, and in presence of a small audience, the phenomena previously produced within the cabinet. That is, the instruments play and whisk about the room—they can, in fact, be seen, although in the dark, because of their being rubbed with phosphorescent oil—hands touch the faces and bodies of the spectators, loud noises of raps, etc., are heard, and, in general, all who are in the room experience what they might be supposed to experience during a sitting, like General Shaler’s, in the cabinet. On the night described one of the instruments, while gyrating through the air, was seized by the writer, and the others were distinctly seen by him, not describing single flights in straight or curved lines, but moving eccentrically, now up, now down, now here, now there, and appearing by turns in most parts of the room. The surprising exploit of removing Mr. Fay’s coat—the coat flies off in the twinkling of an eye while his hands are tied behind him—is more like other feats of jugglery than the rest, but seems equally inexplicable; while the playing of the instruments at the table while both Davenports and Mr. Fay are securely held by different members of the audience, and no one else is permitted within the circle, is certainly marvellous in a high degree. It is easy to say all this is humbug and charlatanry, but who will explain it? Is it “brain waves,” or electricity, or spiritualism, or what? The foregoing description is a faithful one, narrating what passed, as it appeared to the senses of an observer to whom the exhibition was altogether new, but who is exceedingly sceptical respecting the alleged phenomena among which the feats of the Davenports are commonly classed. We shall be very glad to receive and to publish anything that may throw any real light on what is assuredly one of the most remarkable curiosities of the day.

#### SOCIAL AMUSEMENTS.

PROBABLY no other civilized people is more irrational in its amusements or benefited by them less than the American people. We live so fast, we are in such a desperate hurry to snatch all the world’s good things before our neighbors, that we have very little time to spare for necessary relaxation, and what recreation we do give ourselves reluctantly and grudgingly is poisoned and neutralized by the restless impatience and goading anxieties we carry into it. Indeed, properly speaking, it can scarcely be said that the average American ever does take any relaxation at all, or that he ever loosens for an instant that tense strain of all his faculties whereby alone he conceives it possible to hold on to the main chance. The habit of work has so grown upon him that he carries it into his play; perhaps that is the reason why he is so often found a dull boy, by many whom he regards as very far from sharp. Leisure, to his practical mind, is idleness, and idleness is the crying sin. The poet’s creed that

“Merely to bask and ripen is sometimes  
The student’s wiser business,”

he neither sympathizes with nor understands. Life is short he knows, and Jones’s bank account is larger than his own, and Robinson lives in a brown-stone front while he must content himself with a brick one. So until these wrongs of fortune are redressed there is no rest for the palm of his hand or the sole of his foot.

Some concession, of course, he must make to imperious nature. He takes what he calls his enjoyment in hasty gulps, as he devours his dinner. He drives out on the road of an afternoon behind the prettiest little Hambletonian that was ever foaled; he goes to the play or to the race-track or the ball, or even to the Opera if he is very good-natured, and fancies he has had a delightful time that puts him quits with nature for a month’s hard work, at least. But he is mistaken; he only transfers himself from one phase of excitement to another, and care, swifter than the Hambletonian, sits beside him in his jaunty road-wagon and occupies the vacant seat in his box. While Kellogg is executing her most enchanting flourishes he is thinking of the price of stocks, and all the verdant glories of Central Park are meaningless and blank to eyes that search only for that error in the balance-sheet. The value of repose he is utterly unable to understand, and his pastime is only a change in the form of his labor. Whatever he does he does with all his might; he plays the piano like an animated trip-hammer, and he dances like a tornado.

What is worse, this restless and feverish habit of mind and body indisposes for the quiet and soothing joys of the family circle which would be



its most effective antidote. In that pure, serene atmosphere he feels the same sort of oppression which weighs upon one in the rarefied air of a mountain-top. That simple, uneventful life palls upon and wearies and inexpressibly disgusts him. The fate of the opium-eater is his, and that which was at first the spice becomes at last the necessity of his existence. In his business he is scarcely more independent than in his pleasures of family ties, and, if he only knew it, he is almost as ignorant of true domestic happiness as that traditional Gaul whom he is constantly reviling and imitating. The honest German who takes his *frau* and his *kinder* to the Biergarten represents a phase of family affection which he goes to see as a curiosity. His wife is at home, where she ought to be; that she suffers at all from his absence, that her life is made desolate and dreary, her nature starved for lack of the tenderness and sweet fellowship he fails to give, never for an instant occurs to him. He toils for her all day long, and so proves his love by his works; what more ought she to require?

The truth is that Americans are gregarious, not sociable. They love crowds, but only because in a crowd is the truest solitude. They are independent and self-reliant, and they expect their neighbors to be likewise. And their amusements take tone and character from this unsociability and this morbid energy. Social amusements, properly speaking, we have none. The only purpose we can think of to justify us in assembling our friends together is in order to dance, or rather to indulge in that frantic whirl and scurry which we miscall dancing. Now, dancing is the least sociable of pastimes, and the little is made still less by our way of managing it. Connected conversation is not easy during the gyrations of a waltz; and between waltzes one is too busy securing new partners or getting rid of old ones to think of talking at all. Two young people may have a dancing acquaintance of several seasons who have scarcely exchanged a dozen sentences, and in reality know each other no better at the end than at the beginning. The fact is that conversation is becoming a lost art among us; and there may be a more national significance in the election of a silent President than most of us imagine. Men talk and women talk among themselves; but, as a French author says, only from their mutual intercourse arises true conversation. And if society, which is the common meeting ground of men and women, forbids them to do anything but dance and stand against walls, how long will it be before we return to that primitive state of social intercourse when conversation was only dissertation, which we find represented in Plato's *Symposium* and Cicero's *Amicitia*, and which Johnson and Coleridge did their best to revive?

Dancing is very well in its way, but it is just possible we do a little too much of it. Our only notion of a party is a dancing party. Ball, sociable, reception, promenade, concert, or company—by whatever name society calls its festivals—they are still the same; and the hint on *danse* which one finds on invitations in Europe, where heads are sometimes included as well as heels, has with us become almost obsolete from very superfluity. With whatever flimsy pretence of alien entertainment an evening may begin, it is sure to slide into the inevitable waltz and galop before the end. The consequence is that our society is in the hands of boys and girls, of brainless fops and fledgling flirts, who have no idea beyond a dancing floor, no higher aspiration than to lead the "German." The men and women who could adorn and give tone to our social meetings are thrust to the wall by these gyrating puppets. It is enough to make one sigh for the good old days our grandmothers sometimes tell us of, when corn shuckings and quilting bees and apple parings and tea fights opened the sphere of their homely but sincere delights to old as well as young, and sociability was combined with dancing in the hospitable figures of the Virginia reel. Now they are only a tradition in the land, for the saltatory mania has invaded the country too, and rural belles and beaux are as exasperatingly deep in the mysteries of the "Boston" as the most stylish of their city cousins. If some one could only make fashionable among us the serene pleasures of the continental *conversazione* under some less formidable name, or even revive the mild joys of the almost forgotten tea party, beloved of maiden ladies and incipient curates, or give us any other relief from this light fantastic tyranny of toes, he should surely be ranked among his countrymen's benefactors.

#### A STROLL THROUGH PARIS FIFTY YEARS AGO.

IF you cast your eyes on the plan of Paris of fifty years ago, you will easily find in the northwest corner of it the street of the Ferme des Mathurins; suppose me setting out thence, and passing by the streets des Mathurins and Caumartin as far as the boulevards, crossing them, and proceeding by the street des Capucines as far as the opening of the Place Vendôme. On the right is the Place Vendôme, from which a street leads into the street St. Honoré, on the other side of which a passage has been made, through the ruins of the Capuchin church and convent, to a door which opens into the gardens of the Tuileries; near this door was the end of the riding-school, where the Convention sat when Louis XVI. took shelter on the 10th of August, with his family; and it was there he was afterwards so unjustly condemned to death. Another opening has been made to the left, from the spot I supposed myself arrived at, in the street des Capucines, which communicates with the boulevards, over the place which was formerly occupied by the convent and garden of the Capucine Nuns—a community of pious women who, like the Beguines of Flanders, and the *Sœurs Grises*, and *Sœurs de la Charité*, and Hospital Nuns of other denominations, devoted themselves to the cause of suffering humanity in all the various retreats of misery, and with a zeal which no earthly motive could have inspired. They went barefooted, and lived altogether on vegetables; while whatever they could

collect from the contributions of the pious they devoted chiefly to the poor, whose children they at the same time endeavored to bring up in habits of industry and virtue, teaching them to read, giving them the rudiments of religion, and encouraging the parents to put them in some way of making their bread honestly. At the suppression of the religious houses, a part of their convent was converted into a manufactory of assignats, and millions continued to flow thence until a pound sterling was equivalent to 18,000 livres; the other parts were let out for taverns and retail stores, for puppet shows and panoramas, and for the amphitheatre of Franconi, while the idle boys of the neighborhood found amusement in what remained of the gardens. A few steps along the Rue des Capucines would bring me into the Rue de Petits Champs, and a few more to the Rue d'Autin, to the spot where the fatal duel took place in the minority of Louis XIV. between the two brothers, the Dukes of Nemours and of Beaufort; the first, who would listen to no terms of accommodation, was the one killed. You must now follow me through the Place Vendôme into the Rue St. Honoré, and proceed as far as the Church St. Roch. This spot was originally a small circular hill, at a little distance from the walls of Paris, in which it was not included till the time of Henry IV. or Louis XIII. It was here that, in the year 1429, the celebrated Maid of Orleans stood, and pointed a cannon against the town, then in the hands of the English; it was for many years occupied by a windmill, but a handsome church was at length erected there. From the steps of this church a glazier's wife, passing early one winter's morning, took the poor little infant, not a day old, who was afterwards known in the world by the name D'Alembert. He was a profound and distinguished geometrician, an elegant writer on subjects of lighter literature, and a good-humored, humane, and generous man; one of his parents, Madame de Tencin, who had never lost sight of him, wished at length to acknowledge him publicly as her son, but he chose that the celebrity which he had now acquired should shed all its lustre upon the good woman who protected his helpless infancy. He would never quit his lodgings at her house, or have any other mother than the glazier's wife. She survived him, and her old age was rendered comfortable by the little fortune it was in his power to leave her.

This Church of St. Roch is also remarkable for another event. It was early in 1795 that the remains of the Jacobin party, who had a majority of the citizens in their favor, and who were strengthened by a large accession of concealed Royalists, began to recover from their defeat of the 9th Thermidor of the year before, and to avail themselves of the fluctuating, pusillanimous conduct of the Convention, whom they insulted in every manner, and at length attacked with an armed force. Menon had been sent against them, and Barras was next appointed general; but he had the good sense to let the command devolve upon a young man, lately made a brigadier of artillery, who had distinguished himself at Toulon, and who was known not to be too tender-hearted for a similar employment; this was Bonaparte, who, approaching the Church of St. Roch by the narrow passage of the Rue de Dauphin, drove the opposite party from it with his artillery, and cannonaded them without mercy, in every part of the city, wherever they ventured to show themselves. Several thousands of citizens lost their lives upon the occasion. It was along the Rue St. Honoré that the unfortunate queen of France was conducted to the guillotine in 1793. She was taken to the place of execution in a common cart, such as was made use of for carrying common criminals to execution. The queen was seated in it, with her hands tied behind her; her eyes were swollen from the tears which, probably, she had shed the night before, but her air was composed and her looks erect; she was decently dressed in white, and had on a close cap; a confessor was seated beside her. She had defended herself with the courage of innocence before the infamous tribunal, but was prepared to meet her fate. The amusement of her last few days was to knit a purse from the yarn of the tapestry that lined her chamber. She herself ironed the gown she was to wear, and expressed no fear, but that the hatred of the people would not suffer her to reach the scaffold.

Suppose me now to have proceeded along the Rue St. Honoré as far as the Palais Royal; this palace was built by Cardinal Richelieu, and afterwards presented to the king, and it was hence that Anne of Austria was driven with her children at the time of those commotions which were excited by the Cardinal de Retz; it was given to the family of Orleans by Louis XIV. Almost all the commotions that have taken place in Paris originated, it is said, in the recesses of the Palais Royal; it was in this garden that Fabre D'Eglantine (a title he had chosen to give himself), a young man till then unknown, but who soon acquired a celebrity that was fatal to him, placing himself upon a chair that he might be the better seen and heard, raised a spirit in the minds of the audience which vented itself in the destruction of the Bastille. The eloquence of Antony at the funeral of Cæsar was not more powerful or destructive; he was a man of abilities, and became very shortly after a victim of the Revolution, which, ultimately destroying almost every one whom it had called into notice, has been well compared to Saturn, who the poets pretended devoured his own children. Continuing along the Rue St. Honoré, we leave the Louvre and the avenue which leads to the Pont Neuf, on the right, and arrive where the street, being considerably widened, takes the name of La Fevonnierie; it was here, while the space was occupied by two narrow streets, that Henry IV. was assassinated by Ravalliac, who had followed him with that intention all the way from the Louvre. Henry IV. had certainly many great qualities, but the horrid termination of his life having worked upon the feelings of the nation, has contributed not a little to magnify his virtues, as is always the effect in such cases.

Continuing our way forward, we should, after turning two corners, be in the Rue de la Verrierie, and reassuming our former course nearly west would soon be on the ground where the Bastille stood, but turning north-eastwardly we find ourselves approaching the Temple. This structure formerly constituted the residence of the Knights Templars; it was here that the royal family of France was confined after the 10th of August. I hardly think there is so ferocious a democrat in America as not to feel for the cruelty and injustice which this fallen family was made to suffer. It might have been necessary, in the mistaken opinions of many, to destroy the king; it might have been necessary to destroy the queen, and to confine their children; but the cruelty practised upon the dauphin can come within no description of policy, no supposition of fear, or of any other motive; it must have arisen from the inspiration of some infernal spirit permitted to roam at large for the torment of mankind. The unfortunate child was humbled by being put to work with a shoemaker, and degraded by being taught all the little dirty practices which the ingenuity of the monster who



watched over him could devise, while a member of the Convention thought it necessary to justify himself from a charge of giving him any education. "I can punish tyrants," was his expression, "and I am not likely to be very attentive how I bring up their children." It was upon a bed that was never made, in the corner of a naked room that was never cleaned, that the descendant of Henry IV. passed the last year of his existence. Figure to yourself a child of ten years of age, debarred the natural enjoyments which childhood instinctively requires, deprived even of fresh air, and destitute of all moral and intellectual education; even sleep, too—the wretch's last resource—was denied him undisturbed, compelled as he was, by the rude voice of a sentry, to present himself at the grating of his prison door every two hours during a long winter's night. The treatment experienced by his sister, afterwards the Duchesse D'Angoulême, was equally atrocious, and but for her strength of mind, even at that early age, would have been equally fatal. In addition to the deadly hate which pursued all the family, it was her fate to displease and mortify Robespierre when at the summit of his power. After months and years of solitary confinement, during which time she was scarcely supplied with decent clothing, she saw herself suddenly surrounded by female attendants who compelled her to accept every article of dress and every ornament that suited her rank and time of life, and then conducted her to the apartments of Robespierre and seated her at a table with him, and there she had to listen to a proposal of marriage from this monster who had rioted in the blood of her nearest relatives and dearest friends. It is impossible to approach the Temple without thinking of Sir Sydney Smith, who was also incarcerated there, and treated with a degree of rigor altogether unknown in the usages of modern warfare. Sir Sydney Smith was certainly a very great man, and Bonaparte was too much of a great man himself not to think so. He sent Sir Sydney, after the peace of Amiens, a very handsome pair of pistols, and never, it is said, spoke of his gallant adversary but in terms of respect.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### TRANSLATIONS FROM THEOCRITUS.

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Your critical review of my new volume is done by so cultured a hand, and is so fairly discriminating, that I should be very ungracious to receive it in any other than the friendly spirit of my reviewer. With regard to your courteous judgment of *The Blameless Prince*, and of the minor poems which follow, I have, of course, nothing here to say. Allow me, however, to make a brief response to your comments upon the *Translations from Theocritus*.

My object in putting forth these specimens—which are not those of most general interest—was to gain the critical aid of just such accomplished reviewers, and to more clearly determine the merits and defects of the course I am pursuing. Several of the points in your article are nicely taken, and will be of service to me. On the other hand, a few seem to be made without knowledge of all the conditions, or to be somewhat inconsistent among themselves.

You are right in saying that the *Sicilian Idyls* might be rendered appropriately into dialectic English. (I often have found myself using the Yankee dialect in the process of this translation.) A closer analogy, however, than that of the Dorsetshire seems to be presented by the Scotch dialects in their relation to classic English, with the New Doric in its relation to Attic Greek.

In "sampling" my hexameters, you certainly have discovered ill-favored verses and very faulty spondee and dactyls, some of which must be amended. But where one of two evils has been unavoidable, I have chosen to write careless hexameters, which should represent the length and meaning of their originals, rather than to employ smooth "blank-verse"—for example—and thereby increase the number of lines by one-third. As you credit me with artistic versification in other poems, you perhaps may be willing to assume that were I to use the English hexameter for original poetry I could display some degree of mastery over the measure. At present I am restricted by the exigencies of translation—exigencies never greater than in the work under review—and if you will not permit so trifling a license, for the sake of metrical advantage, as the substitution of "the hyacinth wearing its letters" for "the lettered hyacinth," how can you reasonably demand grace or correctness of versification?

It is almost certain, as you say, that the *ύάκινθος* of the Greeks was not identical with our hyacinth, and that is precisely the ground of my translation. It was "a streaked or marked flower," and the marks which it bore were thought to resemble the interjection *ai—ai*. Moschus, in the *Epitaph of Bion*, plainly says:

νῦν ύάκινθε λάλει τὰ σὺ γράμματα καὶ πλεον αἶαι  
λάμβανε σοὶς πετάλοιαι.

With this passage in mind, I should think that any poetical translator might be justified in rendering *ύάκινθος* into "the hyacinth wearing its letters."

As to spondaic lines, I more frequently have resorted to them in the colloquial passages of Theocritus than in such elevated poems as the epitaph just quoted, which I have rendered with great ease into verse of a dactylic character. But the English hexameter is a very different measure from the Greek. Of course, the point to attain is the nearest possible consonance of accent and quantity; yet the critic should ask himself, Does this verse please the average English ear? does it flow smoothly and strongly to the ear, independently of its effect upon the eye? is there an adequate "general effect"? and should not have too much in mind the laws of quantity under which students of the classics are trained. A reference to Prof. Arnold's second and third essays "On Translating Homer" (*Essays in Criticism*, Boston Ed., pages 308, 309, 348, and 349) will discover some of the influences which I think should affect the reviewer of an English-hexameter translation.

The main purpose of this letter is to speak of the passage (v. 38-41) the sense of which you think I have wholly missed—since, were I to suffer your text to stand as the basis of my version, I should be convicted of a grossly ignorant blunder. In v. 40, where you have *ἀνέφρονας*, I read *ἀνέφρονα*, and am sustained by Meineke, Ameis, Wordsworth, Paley, Ahrens, and other scholars who have made the closest and latest research among the earliest codices. Milo is "chaffing" Battus for essaying, in his spooneyism, a class of songs too romantic and high-flown for laboring-men to meddle with. Hence an ironical use of a phrase above

field-language to characterize the ditties. He then ironically blames himself as having grown to manhood and a beard without learning this art of making love-songs. "Nevertheless," he says, with mock deference, "consider also these words of the worshipful Lytiersés." My arrangement, especially of vv. 38 and 41, does not yet suit me, but I think it correct as a translation.

No doubt my scholarly reviewer well understands how greatly in dispute is the text of the *Bucolicorum Græcorum Reliq.*, and that the first and most serious half of their translator's labor must lie in the comparison of twenty different readings, and the selection, for this and that motive, of his own.

I am, sir, etc.,

EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

New York, March 29, 1869.

### RAIL CAR MANNERS.

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Having had much occasion to travel by rail, I have found the car a very good place to study human nature. I have noticed a great variety of passengers and of traits of character; since each person will show his real qualities to a certain degree, in spite of himself, during a long trip. Of course the most touching passengers are the young couples. Oh! those young couples. What a pricking of ears and a lightening of eyes is there among old and young when the expression, "young couples," is used. Whether the place of their immediate abiding be car, steamboat, ball-room, lecture-room, concert-hall, theatre, church, or private parlor, one who calls attention to them seldom fails to attract eager observation. People like to see other people "go it;" and as human beings are usually expected, and not in vain, to go it during juvenescence, their entrance and abiding anywhere is apt to be pretty closely watched. It is "nuts," as Miss Brontë's little hero said of such philanderings, to watch, for instance, a rather green young girl who is herself watching the manœuvring of such a pair under full headway. With lips half parted, and eyes all interest, she takes in the scene with a most decided appearance of appreciating it *in toto*. The next best sight is that of some old woman, who has kept her heart young, watching such a party. She knows the thing through and through, as she says to herself. But somehow, over and above all she knows and can imagine, or even feel, there is a wondrous novelty, an incomprehensible freshness about it that puzzles her. "Here," she says, "am I, an old woman, who have been through all this, and have seen the whole performance rehearsed a thousand times; and yet somehow, as I watch that rather silly pair, it seems as if I had never seen the ways of a young man with a maid before." I think I could partly explain to the worthy old soul, whose heart is younger now than that of many a coquette of fifteen, why this scene is always fresh and novel to her. Surely, the cause is found in the fact that conjugality is a human necessity, from, in, and through the eternities. By this, indeed, may one judge as to what things of time take hold on eternity; which of the things of time are also eternal. Be sure that all earthly joys and beauties that wear this perennial seeming of freshness will be found represented by some perfect analogue in the world to come.

But we are getting ahead of the train. One cannot but be affected to mirth, in spite of unbounded sympathy, when witnessing the car manners of most youngish couples, married or unmarried. Sad to relate, the principal object with most young lady travellers is to show that they are such high-bred, delicately nurtured people, that they must be continually cared for by some very careful male, or something dreadful will surely happen. As to their sleepiness and need of the manly shoulder for a pillow, it is marvellous.

Judging by the ladies in this cold, bracing latitude, I should presume that cars for tropical climates, and for the languishing beauties supposed to abide therein, would need to be all sleeping-cars. Languishing beauties, indeed! Show me a "through-car" beauty other than languishing, if there is any male shoulder against which to languish, and you will show me a great novelty. I was much amused lately by a young bride on a Jersey train. She was in an irrepressibly wide-awake condition, but made desperate efforts to get up a nap, for the sake of thrilling contact with the *thing* she loved. The thing liked it, but was a little shy and awkward, and looked around bashfully at the *awjens*. Not so the girl, who was not particularly timid, and was in for a good time while it might last—bound to make connubial hay while the marital sun shone in the eyes of the spouse. She would lie back on the now-at-last belonging shoulder with a look of perfect lazy contentment. With lips parted and eyes half shut, she enjoyed a perfect *reue d'Arcadie* for a moment or two, or at least as perfect as our bouncing American girls are capable of. Then, forgetting all about the proposed nap, she would start up in a most vivacious style, and chatter like a magpie in the cheerfully grinning face of the espoused one. Part of the idea of this species of conjugal hobnobbing may be uttered as follows: "I want all you folks to understand that I am married, and here is my man; and, girls, how do you like him? And you who have no man, and fear that you never will have one, don't you wish you could get him? And I'm 'old married folks' too, and all that; and you can see how my husband loves me, and how careful, attentive, and tender he is. Ahem! wouldn't he catch it pretty rough if he didn't be? Yes, yes," says such an one; "there may be twenty marriageable girls to one eligible young man in New England, and 2,500,000 out of 6,000,000 women unmarried in old England, but I'm all right. No old-maidhood for me."

Another very amusing scene occurred on a little branch railroad in Pennsylvania. A rather clever but low-bred young wife was trying her best to copy the airs she had observed in her betters. Her husband was a rough, sensible young mechanic, with no nonsense about him. The object of the trip was to visit his relations. Well, my lady tried very hard to improve the occasion, in orthodox style, by leaning up, "like a sick kitten to a hot brick." But he did not fancy this procedure, and I expect that his whispers intimated that she might "lean on her breakfast." That style might have suited him on the wedding tour; but now there was a three years' old child on hand. She had evidently watched the conjugal fashions very closely, and the delicate lady travellers very particularly. She was "so tired;" and all the little annoyances of car travel had to be descanted upon, and all her lady-like sufferings enlarged upon. Finally, despairing of any connubial bliss, she crossed the car, turned back a seat, and stretched her rather stalwart form over the space which the inconsiderate car-builder had supposed sufficient for the comfortable occupancy of four persons. Then she had the usual great difficulty in getting her muff properly arranged beneath her



aching head, and went through another long series of uncommonly lady-like tribulations, till I wished that some dames of my acquaintance could be there to witness the caricature. Having at last planted herself face to face with the writer, in whom she seemed to see the best game present on which to try her artillery, she began a vigorous though indirect attempt to draw him into conversation. Unsuccessful in this, she resigned herself to fault-finding, and to a querulous consideration of the prospect of getting to their destination, which was two miles from the railroad. Ourselves sardonically suggested to the husband that it would be a pleasant little walk, as there would be abundant moonlight. She looked languishing, indignant daggers, with something, however, of the *et tu Brute?* softness of remonstrance with which the more susceptible of the sex retort upon "those ojus men."

The fair one insisted now upon a sleigh. Then, recovering somewhat from the shock of our proposal, she remarked that she would just like a sleigh-ride that evening, "with a nice feller along;" and again she looked killingly at me, thereby punishing me well for entering into the conversation. I did not learn how their journey was completed; but presume the sleigh was obtained, and that when out of ear-shot of all strangers the tones of the delicate wife became somewhat rougher, and her language more energetic.

Here there are two phases of rail-car life. In my "journeyings oft," sitting as I do in a back seat, where unseen I may see all that passes, I shall doubtless encounter other scenes that will be worth describing.

RIVERDALE, March 21, 1869.

QUESTOR.

#### THE NORTHMEN IN MAINE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: The last number of the *Historical Magazine* contains an article on the *Northmen in Maine* which challenges criticism both by the badness of its argument and its innocent reversal of the best judgments. The writer sets out with the statement that "it is a well-established fact that settlements were made on the banks of the Kennebec River at so early a period that no account of their origin exists, except in tradition or obscure narrative," which is very well. He next tells us that Sullivan, in his history of Maine, written in 1796, speaks of a brick-kiln on the Sebasticook, a branch of the Kennebec, where a hemlock stood which was two feet in diameter. We are led to suppose that this tree had grown up since the kiln was deserted. And the writer of the article in question, having a desire to investigate these ancient remains, repaired to the spot. Before doing so he received from a "reliable old gentleman" some information. He says that this "reliable old gentleman" told him that "nearly half a century ago" "Francis Fuller, of Winthrop, Maine," who is not vouched for as "reliable," told him that he went to the Kennebec to help build a vessel "during the second or third year after the close of the French war in 1659," and that three miles below the present city of Gardiner they found the remains of thirteen chimneys. Within the "limits" of one was a tree more than three feet in diameter and with more than six hundred annular rings, which led to the belief that "a village had existed there long before Columbus." The author of the article in the *Historical Magazine*, in his recent visit, saw the evidences of bricks in the fields, and met certain "aged inhabitants" who "corroborated the statements of Mr. Fuller," though they do not positively affirm that he was a "reliable" man.

This is deemed sufficient for the foundation of an article; and the writer easily brings in Leif, son of Eric the Red, who sailed to the American coast in the year A. D. 1000, and surmises that he has found the remains of his old Icelandic colony. But let us look at the question.

It is said that the "reliable old gentleman" had the story of the chimneys and the great tree "nearly half a century ago," but, to set it back far enough, we will add *nineteen* years, and suppose that this story was told in the year 1800. What, then, is the result? Why, that a full-grown ship-carpenter of A. D. 1660-61 was still alive *one hundred and forty years afterward*.

Then for the chimneys. The Icelanders in the year 1000, to which period the annular rings would extend, built no chimneys, as a hole in the roof answered every purpose. Indeed, the oldest chimney in Europe does not date back further than the age of Columbus. Yet the Icelanders are made to toil at brick-making in the year 1000 to provide themselves with this modern convenience.

It is hardly necessary to follow the writer any further, though it is really ludicrous to see him setting aside the judgment of all intelligent students of Northern antiquities, and also, by a few pen-strokes, reversing the testimony of the sagas themselves.

It is really a pity to see good ink and paper thus wasted in connection with so valuable a publication as the *Historical Magazine*.

MARCH 15, 1869.

ANTIQUARIAN.

#### SUBTERRANEAN RIVERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: In your paper of March 20, page 180, there is reference to the assertion of Mr. Catlin that a large river flows under the Rocky Mountains. This hardly credible statement derives some support from the fact that the artesian wells at Chicago were located by Abraham James in his clairvoyant condition with especial reference to the existence of such a river, said to flow from or under these mountains and discharge into some one of the great lakes. Two of these wells have been sunk, each about seven hundred feet, and a large column of pure, cold water rises nearly one hundred feet from the surface, supplying considerable power, and also filling a large pond from which ice is obtained.

As there are no elevations within several hundred miles of these wells sufficient to raise the water to such height, the existence of a subterranean river or large reservoir seems not improbable, and we may find upon investigation that Mr. Catlin is quite correct in his assertion.

It may interest some of your readers who have not heard of Mr. James, and fortify their faith in his powers, to be informed that, since the wells at Chicago were opened, he has in a similar clairvoyant condition located and bored at Pleasantville, Pa., some of the most productive oil wells in that state, upon territory where previously the existence of the treasure was not suspected. From these he is deriving an immense revenue, which he purposes to devote to the spread of

truth, regardless of pecuniary benefit to himself, as the agent or instrument through whom the revelations have been made.

It is to be hoped that his example may have its weight with others who have been similarly favored, and that we may all learn not to seek wealth for the good it may be to us individually.

D. W.

BOSTON, March 23, 1869.

#### "Θ Δ" AND HIS LATIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: I read the *Round Table* sometimes, and I have seen that a Mr. Θάρσος Δύσκολον, as he calls himself, has been writing you some letters about Mr. Grant White that sound like a teacher I used to have that was a woman. And Mr. White only makes fun of him back again, and yet seems to know as much Greek and Latin, and more English, than he does.

And he said something about adjectives in *bilis* coming from supines, and afterwards that he should like to see an adjective in *bilis* formed from a noun; sneering, and meaning there wasn't any, just because Mr. White said there was. I believe, if Mr. White said that the sun went down, Mr. Θάρσος Δύσκολον would say back, No, it didn't, because it was the earth that turned up. As if a man like Mr. Grant White didn't know that, and about supines and adjectives too. Well, one of my teachers was telling me about culpable the other day, and how it was derived. And so I asked him if *culpabilis* was not an adjective in *bilis*, derived from a noun. And he said it was, and that he thought Mr. White had set a trap for "Θ Δ" because there wasn't many such adjectives, but there were some. And he told me some more; and to make sure I looked them out in Riddle's big lexicon that I borrowed, because I am only in Virgil and have not got so far as that yet. Here they are for Mr. Θάρσος Δύσκολον, if he wants so much to see them:

*Culpabilis*, from *culpa*, a fault; *favorabilis*, from *favor*, a favor; *amicabilis*, from *amicus*, a friend; *mensurabilis*, from *mensura*, a measure; *rationabilis*, from *ratio*, a reason; *pestibilis*, from *pestis*, a contagious disease; *venialis*, from *venia*, a favor, a pardon.

I suppose I could send you more if I knew more Latin and had more time. But I don't care much for Mr. "Θ Δ," and I do like Mr. Grant White, and I hate supines that are not verbs, nor adjectives, nor participles, and yet like them all. We should call a boy that went around pecking holes in other boys' exercises, and blundered himself in his trying to make believe that they had blundered, and did not own up or keep quiet, a mean fellow.

I would sign my name if it were worth while, but I ask leave to sign myself only  
A SCHOOLBOY.

MANFIELD ACADEMY, Brooklyn, March 29, 1869.

#### SUMMARY OF THE WEEK.

##### HOME AFFAIRS.

THE fate of the Tenure-of-Office bill is still undecided. In the Senate, on the 23d ult., it was recommended to the Judiciary Committee, who reported the following day an amendment, in the nature of a substitute, repealing the former act, and providing that during any recess of the Senate the President might suspend any civil officer to the end of the next session, and appoint a successor *pro tem.*, but that, unless ratified by the Senate, such suspension should be null and void. The amendment also requires the President to nominate for all vacancies within thirty days from the commencement of each session of the Senate. This substitute passed the Senate by a vote of 37 to 15, all the Democrats voting in the minority. On the bill as amended going back to the House, it was referred, on the motion of Mr. Butler, to the Judiciary Committee. The following day Mr. Butler moved that the House reconsider the vote referring the bill to the committee, and suggested an additional section to the original bill requiring the President to return nominations to Congress within thirty days of their being made. The motion of reference was ultimately withdrawn after considerable debate, and the House by a vote of 99 to 70 refused to concur in the Senate's amendment. The bill therefore goes back to the Senate as a simple repeal of the Tenure-of-Office act. In the absence of Vice-President Colfax, Senator Anthony was elected President of the Senate *pro tem.* Bills to amend the national currency act and to reorganize the judiciary system were passed by the Senate. Bills to enforce the 14th amendment and restore the republican government of Georgia; to provide for coining the public money and cognate purposes, to protect soldiers and their heirs, and to complete the Washington monument, were introduced in the Senate. In the House, bills were passed for revising and consolidating the statutes of the United States, abolishing the office of chief of staff to the General of the Army, beside others of lesser importance, while a large batch were introduced. Among the Presidential nominations during the week have been Hon. Moses H. Grinnell, to be collector of the port of New York; Major-General Giles A. Smith, of Illinois, second Assistant Postmaster-General; General Merritt, naval officer, New York; A. B. Cornell, of Ithaca, surveyor, New York; J. C. Bancroft Davis, Assistant Secretary of State; Edwin L. Plumb, consul-general to Havana.

Joseph W. Smith, janitor of Girard Hall, Philadelphia, was murdered on the 24th ult. He was found with his hands and feet tied and a pistol bullet in his head. It is supposed money was the motive for the murder.—At Sing-Sing, on the 25th March, Montagu Dean, a convict, died from injuries inflicted upon him by one of the keepers.—A negro, charged with rape and murder, was burned to death by a lynching party near Atlanta, Georgia, on the 23d ult.—The coroner's inquest over the deceased seamen belonging to the ship *James Foster* have brought in a verdict that they died from inhuman and brutal treatment inflicted upon them by the carpenter, boatswain, third mate, and surgeon.—Adolphe Phillips, a young German, has been arrested for stealing valuable books, worth \$1,000, from the New York Mercantile Library.—A young woman was recently successfully abducted from a Newark street-car.—A woman named Mabb, living at Fishhouse, Saratoga Co., N. Y., who had just been married, was shot by a former mulatto paramour.—James Johnson, charged with highway robbery and counterfeiting United States money, was arrested at Fort Erie, Canada, on the 24th ult., by United States police under a requisition by the President.—A woman was gagged in Cincinnati on the 24th ult., and robbed of \$2,300.—



Frederick Knettell, 21, shot his sweetheart, Augusta Beckerie, in Newark, N. J., on the 21st ult., and then blew out his own brains. Both are dead.—Two students were recently arrested in Chicago, endeavoring to smuggle dead bodies into a medical college. One of the corpses was that of a young woman but recently buried.

A rumor that ex-President Johnson was dead caused some excitement on the 25th ult. According to some statements Mr. Johnson has been suffering from paralysis; but others attribute his illness to a severe attack of gravel, accompanied by neuralgia. He is reported to have recovered, and is announced to speak at various places during the first week of April.

A terrible fight recently occurred at Wilmington, Del., between a butcher and a bull-terrier. The dog weighed one hundred and sixty pounds, a savage animal, was kept to guard the slaughter-house, and was usually chained up. Happening, however, to be loose and unmuzzled, he attacked Mr. Flinn, butcher, biting him fiercely in the thigh, and endeavoring to seize him by the throat. Mr. Flinn had no knife, and a fellow-workman in the slaughter-house was too paralyzed to render any assistance. After a long fight Mr. Flinn, almost exhausted, managed to break away from the animal and reach a window, when the brute was too much exhausted to reach him. Here he remained till assistance came, and the dog was shot. When liberated, Mr. Flinn had all his clothes torn to tatters, and was covered with blood, having been bitten all over.

An intelligent man, encased in rubber overcoat, cap, and boots, besmeared with mud, and carrying a well-filled carpet-bag, was arrested in New York on the 24th ult., as a suspicious character. His valise, on examination, was found to contain old watches, silver spoons, knives, jewelry, bottles of liquor, old pennies, ten-cent pieces, silver pencil-cases, finger-rings, one supposed to be a valuable diamond ring, and other articles. The individual proved to be John W. Creve, a shrewd Yankee from Connecticut, who, provided with a map, a compass, a revolver, and candles, had been for the previous twenty-four hours exploring New York sewers. Everything corroborating his story, he was discharged.

On March 25th, three ladies, a Mrs. Coffee and her two daughters, of Still River, Mass., while crossing the Fitchburg railroad near Groton Junction, in a sleigh, were run over by the cars, the two daughters killed on the spot, and the mother so seriously injured that she cannot recover.—Three men were killed near Worcester, Mass., by the caving in of a bank twelve feet high.—Mr. James Harper, ex-mayor of New York, and senior member of the publishing firm of Harper & Brothers, was driving on Fifth Avenue, New York, on the afternoon of the 25th ult., when his carriage came into collision with another vehicle, and the horses ran away, ultimately upsetting the carriage and throwing out its occupants. Mr. Harper sustained serious bruises in the head, which proved fatal.—On the 23d ult. two coaches and a sleeping-car were thrown from the track near Washington, Illinois. Thirty-five or forty of the passengers were injured, but few seriously. Ex-Governor Seymour, of New York, was in the sleeping-car, but received only a few scratches.

A large mass meeting in favor of Cuban independence was held at Steinway Hall, New York, on the evening of the 25th ult. Henry Ward Beecher and Paul du Chaillu were among the speakers.

The White Pine excitement along the Pacific coast is unabated, and new and rich discoveries are daily reported. Rich gold diggings have been discovered eighty miles from Cariboo, in British Columbia.—Smoke is reported to be issuing from the volcanoes Hood, Jefferson, and Three Brothers in Oregon.—Sixty-six vessels, carrying 1,700,000 sacks of wheat, are en route for Great Britain from San Francisco. The aggregate amount of California wheat and flour now afloat is valued at \$4,000,000.—Immense discoveries of gold placers are reported on the mainland of Alaska. The mines can only be worked five months of the year, owing to the climate. In Alaska the Indians are still giving trouble.

#### FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

AFTER speeches by Gladstone, Disraeli, Bright, Roundell Palmer, Gathorne Hardy, The O'Donoghue, Coleridge, and other members of lesser note, the bill for disestablishing the Irish Church was read a second time in the House of Commons by a government majority of 118, and was received in the House and by a numerous crowd without with the wildest enthusiasm. The House committee has reported against sanctioning contracts with the Cunard and Inman lines for conveying mails to this country at present rates, but the companies refuse to modify their terms. Sir Stafford Northcote has advised the Hudson Bay Company to cede their territorial rights for a million and a half of dollars. In Preston, Lancashire, and Glasgow, Scotland, the cotton operatives are on strike, and the movement is spreading to other parts of the country. It is reported that Halpin, the Fenian, will be set at liberty on giving a guarantee for his good behavior. Intelligence has been received in London of the wreck of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's steamer *Hermann*, seventy miles north of Yokohama. Two hundred and seventy lives, mostly Japanese troops, were lost.

Captain-General Dulce has a weakness for issuing proclamations. His latest is to the effect that all vessels captured in Spanish waters, or in the seas near Cuba, with men, arms, and munitions of war on board, will be regarded as pirates and treated accordingly, irrespective of their points of departure or destination. A heavy battle is reported in the Central Department, which the Spaniards claim as a victory. An American brig, the *Mary Lowell*, laden with arms, etc., for the rebels, has been captured by the *Andalusia*. The value of her cargo is estimated at \$200,000. Castellanos, a famous rebel chieftain and blockade-runner, has been captured. He is charged with committing horrible atrocities. Steamers are reported to be fitting out on the coast of Florida to run the blockade. The regular steamer between Havana and Cardenas was seized by the passengers; a Spanish man-of-war has gone in pursuit. Another reinforcement of troops has arrived.

A procession of two hundred women recently marched to the Cortes and presented a petition against military conscription. In Andalusia a guard mobile has been organized to enforce the obnoxious measure and collect the taxes. A popular demonstration recently took place in Barcelona in favor of free trade. According to the draft of the new constitution the government is to be monarchical, with a Senate and Congress. Senators are to be elected by Provisional Councils, four in each province, for twelve years, deputies by universal suffrage,

for three years. The reign of the king is limited to eighteen years. The liberty of the press and the right of public meeting are fully guaranteed. The separation of church and state is doubtful, the probabilities being that the Roman Catholic faith will be adopted as the national religion, with full toleration for other creeds. Miramon, at the head of a band of Carlists, has been captured. The conscription act passed by the Cortes only provides for raising the army to its standard strength. The Duc de Montpensier will probably be nominated King.

French and Belgian journals publish the preliminaries of the proposed conference between the two countries, to harmonize their mutual commercial interests. The Emperor proposes to abolish the system of workmen's registers. This concession he hopes will place the working-men of France in their proper position, disarm hatred, and substitute right for might. Several seditious speeches were made in public meetings in Paris on the 25th ult., and three persons were arrested. The Emperor is reported to have demanded an explanation regarding the mobilization of troops in western Prussia.

The King of Siam died October 1, 1868, aged 64, after a reign of 17 years. His remains, clad in regal robes, were placed in a golden urn, and conveyed in procession to the Grand Palace, to lie in state according to the customs of the country. The eldest son of the late monarch was unanimously chosen to succeed him.

English residents at Formosa have had another quarrel with the Chinese, respecting some camphor seized by the mandarins. After a number of the natives had been killed in an encounter with the marines, the rest came to terms, paid damages, and apologized. Another missionary difficulty had occurred at Foo Choo. The Mikado of Japan was married at Kiolo, Feb. 3. A war is expected to break out between the Mikado and the Tycoon and his supporters. The French man-of-war *Lemange* is reported lost.

Lopez is still in force in the mountains. Buenos Ayres papers report that he desires to cede Paraguay to the United States. He is said to be collecting his scattered troops and preparing for a desperate struggle.—A Mexican letter states that Colonel Palacio has escaped from Mazatlan, and is massing his forces to attack Culiacan. General Rosecrans has had several interviews with Juarez, and is reported to have urged the President to acknowledge the French debt.

The Pope has invited the sovereigns of Europe to send ecclesiastics to represent them in the forthcoming General Council at Rome.—The elections for the Hungarian Parliament have so far been in favor of the Deak party.

The Imperial government has notified the government of Prince Edward's Island that it is not competent for that island to enter into negotiations with the United States, with a view to reciprocity, without the co-operation of the other British North American provinces.

#### REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in the ROUND TABLE must be sent to this office.

##### GREATER BRITAIN.\*

PREMISING that "if two small islands are by courtesy styled 'Great,' America, Australia, and India must form a Greater Britain," Mr. Dilke finds in the latter expression a felicitous title for his book of travels. The instinct, or genius, or whatever it may have been that led him to stumble upon such a happy term, and enabled him to give a local habitation and a name to what is a scarcely recognized though indisputable fact, seems to have all the while guided his pen; and we have, accordingly, a book of considerable originality. Itineraries being generally much less interesting to the public than to the persons who write them, we are prone to regard with misgivings each new claimant upon our attention; and recollection of the dreary times we have had with former fellow-travellers is apt to put us in a captious and exacting mood. We come in time to have toward this style of literature much the same feeling that one experiences toward the rest of the people in a railroad car after a hard day's ride. Such being the case, it is the more refreshing to be agreeably disappointed, in meeting with a "record of travel" that has individuality enough, and is withal sufficiently interesting and instructive to arouse our flagging attention. Mr. Dilke's journal shows these highly desirable qualities, and has consequently put us in such a good humor that were he our worst enemy we could not quarrel with him about his book. We read few chapters with severely critical doubts, which, as we read on, gave way to decidedly more pleasant sensations. After becoming well acquainted with our author, we were more than content to follow him to the end of his journey; and when we parted from him, it was with genuine regret.

Mr. Dilke is an Englishman, and moreover thoroughly English. Belonging to a nation that acknowledges no sunsets—however it may be in the matter of sunrises—in its dominions, it is but natural that he should see things with whatever want of perfect achromatism there may be in English spectacles. The national trait gives a perceptible tint to the whole narrative; and as if in anticipation of this inevitable result, the writer avows his national modesty without any prudish reserve. At the outset we find this paragraph:

"The idea which in all the length of my travels has been at once my fellow and my guide—a key wherewith to unlock the hidden things of strange new lands—is a conception, however imperfect, of the grandeur of our race, already girdling the earth, which it is destined, perhaps, eventually to overspread."

This is all very well; for this sort of a key—a very English key, by the way—must be a handy thing to have in the house, like Toodles's door-plate, even though it be (as we suspect from the number of keyholes it fits) one of the skeleton kind. However, where entrance must be effected, any key is better than none at all; and it is really surprising the number of deductions and generalizations that Mr. Dilke is enabled to make, considering his necessarily prejudiced point of view. He does not appear to have travelled for the novelty of the thing—for the bare pleasure of sight-seeing—but with a much higher and more laudable purpose. He is evidently a gentleman of excellent powers of observation, and one, too, who knows how to use them to best advantage. He appears fond of reflecting, even pondering, over his observations, and drawing from them logical inferences. He writes as he travels—a financier, political economist, sociologist,

\* 1. *Greater Britain: A Record of Travel in English-speaking Countries during 1866 and 1867.* By Charles Wentworth Dilke. With Maps and Illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869.  
2. The same. With ditto, ditto. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1869.



and moralist—the latter in that wider acceptance of the term that alone is of any consequence; and he usually gives us his conclusions in clear, concise, and forcible terms. Although we cannot always agree with him, nor endorse in their entirety his theories, and particularly his prophecies, yet we find so much truth in his assertions, and recognize in them so much clear-headed, sensible thinking, that we feel we owe him respectful attention in every instance, and are willing to admit that he makes excellent advocacy of his cause. His deficiencies—it is not to be denied that he has some—are, in general, clearly traceable to circumstances of observation; and are usually of the sort inseparably attendant upon rapid passage through foreign countries. No observer, however acute, and no thinker, however logical, can, while “on the wing,” catch all the bearings of a subject, particularly if it be a question of ethics or political economy. The results of such rapid survey resemble statistics in a certain way. They seem to show the whole thing in a nutshell, and are admirable to figure upon and theorize about; but it is notorious that statistics are, of all things, sometimes most curiously delusive and obstinately refractory. They cannot always be made to accord with undeniable fact, and form an exception to the saying that “figures cannot lie.” Statistical figures can and very frequently do lie; there are so many sources of error, each in itself so small as to pass unnoticed, but in the aggregate swelling into formidable proportions. So it is apt to be with transient observations. We find a passage in the book itself (p. 524) that is direct to our hand in this connection.

“All general observations upon India are necessarily absurd,” said to me, at Simla, a distinguished officer of the Viceroy’s government.

Mr. Dilke writes; and we would repeat the remark, almost unmodified, regarding any other great country. But Mr. Dilke never argues without some host, although it be, in many instances, with only a plausible one; and, upon the whole, is so unquestionably above the ordinary run of travellers that we would much rather take him upon his own terms than presume to dictate ours to him.

We have space for but a few of the briefest possible comments upon the subject matter of the book; the variety and extent of its contents render it impossible for us to notice it in any detail. The writer only touched upon the South, and is consequently unfamiliar with its peculiarities. As might be expected, remembering his nativity, he succeeds much better with Canada. A New Yorker would probably be inclined to dispute several points taken in the chapter headed *The Empire State*. We like the articles upon Harvard and the University of Michigan. They show that he is at home upon the principles of education, and he certainly seems, in his clear contrasting of the main points of difference between the two institutions, to have appreciated the good and bad points of both. He is merely a traveller, catching a few salient points of the landscape, in crossing the plains. Had he resided any length of time in one of our Territories his views would doubtless have materially changed, and, we may add, changed for the better. To this statement we make a favorable exception in the case of his treatment of Mormonism. He appears to have enjoyed rather unusual facilities for observation, and he discusses the main issues of the momentous question in a clear cosmopolitan spirit, untrammelled by any narrow theological dogmas. In California, a bit of Ross Browne’s mantle seems to have fallen upon him. We here find him at his best, perhaps, in a purely “readable” point of view; but he is none the less the philosopher because of being somewhat of the humorist. And, by the way, there is a little quiet fun here and there through the book that gives a genial tone to the whole, and renews us for the heavier parts; there must be plums as well as paste in a pudding for a mixed company. We scarcely share his intimated fears, however, of an overwhelming Chinese raid upon America. In the three concluding chapters upon America some of the most vital political questions are discussed at considerable length, and with an evident desire to arrive at their true merits. The concluding sentence is characteristic: “Through America, England is speaking to the world.”

Here we must perforce cease our annotations, though Polynesia, Australia, and India pass in review under the writer’s pen, and receive the same careful, impartial treatment that is awarded to America. That the author’s prejudices do not blind him in speaking of England’s faults and England’s mistakes is evident from the rough handling that he gives the convict system. We can confidently recommend Mr. Dilke’s book as not only well worth reading in all places, but as containing some chapters worth careful studying. The style is good—a happy medium, equally removed from stiltedness and flippancy. We may add, that it would have been better if the writer had not so habitually inverted his sentences—putting the verb before the nominative; and often placing, sandwich-like, an oblique construction between two halves of a direct one. The book is illustrated by some skeleton maps, so poor that they almost recall *Mitchell’s Primary Geography*; a number of fair to middling cuts of scenery, etc., and two portraits—one of “Joe Smith” and one of “A Cinghalese Gentleman”—that instantly attract attention by their startling ugliness. “Governor Davey’s proclamation to the aborigines” of Tasmania is a neat thing in its way, but we have seen something very much like it before.

#### TWO EMINENT WOMEN.\*

FEW women are fortunate in their biographers. Indiscriminate praise and undeserved censure are alike lavished upon them, according to the taste or temper of the writer; but the true character, the secret workings of the mind, and the qualities of the heart are nowhere so satisfactorily arrived at as through their letters. For this reason—apart from their intrinsic merit—the letters contained in these two volumes are inexpressibly delightful. In point of time Madame de Sévigné takes precedence. Born in 1626 of illustrious parents, and married at an early age to a young but profligate nobleman, she was, after seven years of unhappy wedded life, left a widow with two children, a son and daughter, to whom the remnant of her days was devoted. To Madame de Grignan she was mother, companion, and friend. All the true pleasures of life they enjoyed in one another’s affection—the charms of unlimited confidence, and the joy of laying open their whole hearts so that they could almost read each other’s thoughts. Surrounded by the atmosphere of a court avowedly immoral, where religion was openly derided and women vied with men in parading their profligacy, Madame de Sévigné stands apart from her female contemporaries a woman

of irreproachable conduct, untouched and uninfluenced by the contagion of bad example; admired for her distinguished talent, grace, and beauty, and revered for the virtue and purity of her character; and although belonging to a class whose elevation may be thought to exempt them from ordinary duties, she found her greatest happiness in the exercise of those simple virtues which make no display and acquire no glory. Untainted by ambition, her mind bent naturally to modesty, and her letters, which are handed down to us as finished models of epistolary style, unite the playfulness of a child, the affectionateness of a woman, and the strong sense of a man. Although much of Madame de Sévigné’s time was passed in Paris amidst the gayeties of the court, she seems to have been very happy at “The Rocks,” where she wrote some of her most charming letters, from which we make the following extracts. Referring to Monsieur Nicole’s *Moral Reflections*, and especially to his treatise on the means of preserving peace among men, she says:

“For my part, I think all mankind are included in it. I am persuaded it was made for me, and hope to profit by it; at least I shall endeavor to do so. You know I could never bear the old saying, ‘I am too old to mend;’ I could much sooner pardon the young for saying I am too young. Youth is in itself so amiable that, were the soul as perfect as the body, we could not forbear adoring it; but when youth is past, it is then we ought to think of improvement, and endeavor to supply the loss of personal charms by the graces and perfections of the mind.”

As warmth of affection never hurried her beyond the bounds of reason, Madame de Sévigné was constant and abiding in her friendships, just and unerring in her taste; her mind was replete with agreeable ideas, and in her heart every right and true feeling had its home. Her cheerful contentment in seclusion appears in the following extract from a letter to her daughter:

“I was perfectly rejoiced to return here; I am making a new walk, which employs me wholly. I pay my workmen in corn; and find nothing so profitable as to amuse one’s self, and forget, if possible, the evils of life. Neither do my evenings, my child, about which you are so much in pain, hang more heavily on my hands; I am almost always writing or reading, and midnight overtakes me before I know where I am. Our abbé (her uncle) takes his leave of me at ten, and the two hours that I am alone are no more irksome to me than the rest. In the day, I am either employed with the abbé or among my dear laborers, or in my favorite work. In short, my dear, life flies away so swiftly, and we are always drawing so near our end, that I cannot conceive how people can make themselves so unhappy about worldly affairs.”

There is so much originality about the views she takes of the time-honored game of chess, and her reflections upon its uses are so singular, that we cannot forbear to quote them:

“You tell me of chess what I have often thought before. In my opinion there could not have been contrived a better expedient to humble pride than this game, which at once sets before our view the narrowness and insignificance of the human mind. I think it would be of real utility to any one fond of such reflections. But then, on the other hand, the foresight, the penetration, the address in defending ourselves, as in attacking our adversary, the success attending the right management of the game, is so pleasing, and affords so much inward satisfaction, that it may at the same time nourish our pride and swell our self-sufficiency. I am still far from being cured of this passion, and therefore want to be further convinced of my own weakness.”

After the death of Madame de Sévigné, her son-in-law in writing to a friend deploras her loss not merely as a mother-in-law, but as “an amiable friend and delightful companion.” This gifted woman may truly be said to have achieved the difficult task of beginning the world well and finishing it in the same manner.

With the genius of Madame de Sévigné, though with less of her gentleness and good nature, Lady Mary Wortley Montague united greater power of fascination and more extensive learning. Early in life she translated the *Euchiridion* of Epictetus, but although she had the same preceptors for Greek and Latin as her brother, her acquirements were chiefly owing to her habits of industry and her thirst for knowledge. She studied from five to six hours a day, alone, in her father’s library; and in after life, though she travelled extensively, and interested herself in social and political questions, she was by nature and habit a literary recluse. Her path through life was an eccentric one; the idol of her father, who became a widower when she was four years old, she was placed by him when yet a young girl at the head of his establishment. The task of presiding at a dinner-table was no easy one in those days; every joint was carved by her in the presence of the assembled guests, and she took lessons three times a week from a master of the art, in order to fit her for her position. When Mr. Wortley presented himself a suitor for her hand, her father opposed the marriage, and commanded her to accept a husband of his choosing; this she refused to do, and ran away with the one she loved, and to whom, despite his subsequent coldness, she seems to have been sincerely attached through life. Her letters written during her courtship, and especially the last one previous to her marriage, breathe that spirit of self-denial and devoted love which merited higher appreciation. When Mr. Wortley was appointed ambassador to the Porte, she accompanied him with her infant son, and wrote during this embassy her Turkish letters, which have since become famous. “But a still higher praise is hers”—remarks the able editress of these volumes—“that of benefactor to humanity, for to her brave, unprejudiced mind the Christian world owes the introduction of inoculation for the small-pox.” Being satisfied of the good effects of inoculation in Turkey, she tried the experiment with complete success upon her own children; of course her attempts to introduce it into England met with violent opposition from the doctors, who, however, were compelled to yield. In the letters of Lady Mary there is great variety of matter and manner; naïveté and simplicity are contrasted with a deep acquaintance with the follies and vices of human nature, and a keen sense of the ridiculous is often apparent; her opinions have the authority of evidently proceeding from settled principles, even where she is deficient in sound judgment. In a letter to her husband she says:

“I am perhaps the only woman in the world that would dissuade her husband (if he were inclined to it) from accepting the greatest place in England, upon the condition of his giving one vote disagreeing with his principles and the true interest of my country; but when it is possible to be of service to your country by going along with the ministry, I know not any reason for declining an honorable post. The world never believes it possible for people to act out of the common track; and whoever is not employed by the public, may talk what they please of having refused or slighted great offers, but they are always looked upon either as neglected, or discontented because their pretensions have failed; and whatever efforts they make against the court are thought the effect of spleen and disappointment, or endeavors to get something they have set their heart on—as now Sir T. H. is represented, and I believe truly, as aiming at being secretary.”

Lady Mary’s letters to her sister are not only very interesting but equally instructive. With the audacity of an exploring Englishwoman from whom nothing is sacred, she penetrated harems, palaces, and mosques, of which she gives the most charming descriptions. With the Turkish women, whose language she took the trouble to study, she was an especial favorite. She distinctly denies that they are excluded by Mohammed from a future happy state; he was, as she says, “too much of a gentleman for that;” nor does she seem to find their position in this world a very disagreeable one, for to her sister she writes:

“Upon the whole, I look upon the Turkish women as the only free people in the empire; the very divan pays respect to them; and the Grand Seigneur himself, when a pasha is executed, never violates the privileges of the *harem* (or women’s apartment), which remains unsearched and entire to the widow. They are queens of their slaves, whom the husband has no permission so much as to look upon, except it be an old woman or

\* 1. *The Letters of Madame de Sévigné to her Daughter and Friends*. Edited by Mrs. Hale. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1869. 2. *The Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague*. The same.



two that his lady chooses. 'Tis true their law permits them four wives; but there is no instance of a man of quality that makes use of this liberty, or of a woman of rank that would suffer it."

The correspondence between Lady Mary and Pope is not the least interesting portion of the book. Pope fell in love with "that dangerous thing, a female wit," and trusting to the omnipotence of genius over the fair sex he was rash enough to declare his passion; Lady Mary laughed at him, and he became her bitterest enemy.

To Lady Mary her sex is indebted for having, in a very bigoted age, entered a protest against the prevailing error which then condemned all women to ignorance; she proved what women were capable of by the extent of her learning and knowledge, and the superiority of her judgment in matters of taste and art; her heart was always faithful to her reason, and if pleasure amused, it never conquered her. The volume closes with a very remarkable letter from Lady Mary to Bishop Burnet, accompanying her translation of Epictetus.

## LIBRARY TABLE.

**HANS BREITMANN'S PARTY.** With Other Ballads. By Charles G. Leland. New and enlarged edition. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brother. 1869.—Mr. Leland seems to have set to work in good earnest to act on the advice we gave him when noticing the first edition of these *Ballads*, that he should not neglect to work out the rich vein of fun he had uncovered in the creation of the redoubtable Breitmann.

In this enlarged edition he gives us three new ballads, two of which, at least, are fully equal to any of their predecessors. Indeed, we should be at a loss to name which one of the other episodes in his varied career we like better than *Hans Breitmann's Christmas*. With what a fine ballad conciseness and straightforwardness is the argument set forth in the opening stanza:

"Id vas on Weihnachtabend—vot Christmas Efe dey call  
Der Breitmann mit his Breitmen tid rent de Musik Hall;  
Ash de Breitmen und die vomen who were in de Liederkrantz,  
Vouldt plend deir souls in harmonie to have a bleasin tantz."

The last line especially is brimful of comicality, and the adjective is simply exquisite. In the next stanza are described the preparations for the "bleasin tantz":

"Dey reefed de Hall 'mid pushes so nople to be seen,  
Around Beethoven's buster dey on-did a garlandt creen;  
De laties work like tyfels two days to scroob de vloor,  
Und hanged a crate serenity mit Willkomm! oop de toor!"

"Und while dere vas a Schwein-blatt whose redakteur tid say,  
Dat Breitmann he vas liederlich vet antworded dis-away,  
Ve maked anoder serenity mid ledders plue und red;  
'Our Leader lick de repels! A. G. (enof gesaid.)"

"Und anoder serene dransparency ve make de veller baint,  
Boot de vay he potch und vertyfeled it vas enof to shvear a saint;  
Fer ve vanted La Germania—boot der ardist mit a bloonder  
Vent und volorished Lager agross id—und den poot Mania oonder!"

We really do not see how this could possibly be better done, or that Mr. Leland has omitted a single detail which could enhance the droll fidelity of his picture. The Hall reefed mid pushes, the garlanded buster, the scroobing laties, the crate serenity, the slanderous Schwein-blatt and its triumphant and very German refutation, and, best of all, the serene dransparency that was so botched and vertyfeled as to shvear a saint—who does not know them that is at all familiar with the merry-making of that simple-hearted, hard-working, kindly Teuton race? Merely as a representation of one phase of life among our German fellow-citizens this ballad is admirable. The misspelling, too—which is not always uniform we may remark *en passant*—is here worthy of all praise. "Nople," "ledders," "veller," "bleasin," convey a subtle shade of meaning which, in their cold correctness, would be utterly lost. The ballad is too long to quote entire, but the stanza celebrating the entrance of the Breitmann into the "splendid begloried ball," is altogether too good to leave out:

"Boot ven de valtz shtrike oopwart we most went out of fits,  
Ash der Breitmann led off in a dwister mid de lofely Helmina Schmitz,  
He valtz shoost like he vas shtrandin shill, mit a beautiful solemm shmilz,  
Und Mina say he nafer stop poussiren all a weil."

In the words we have italicized there is a stroke of satire that goes beyond the Breitmann and the Music Hall. *Schnitzer's Philosophede* has already been so widely quoted as to make it unnecessary for us here to pay that homage to its excellence. So we shall content ourselves with this inimitable bit of moralizing, which is quite as good in its way as the sentiment at the end of the *Party*, or the delicious metaphysics which terminate the Kansas trip. The italics are ours:

"Oh! vot ish all dis earthy pliss?  
Oh! vot ish man's soockness?  
Oh! vot ish various kinds of dings?  
Und vet ish hobbinness?  
Ve find a pank note in de shtreedt,  
Next dings der pank is preak;  
Ve falls, and knocks our outsides in,  
Ven ve a ten shtrike make."

*Der Freischütz* is not, on the whole, so good as either of these. The pleasure we received and the pleasure we anticipate from these very clever ballads, not less than the real interest we feel in the development of the idea, impel us before closing to offer to Mr. Leland one word of warning. Let him not work too fast, and let him be careful not to let his pen waver from the original conception. It has seemed to us in reading the Breitmann ballads, clever as they are, in the late numbers of *Lippincott*, that something of the old flavor was missing, that this was not the Breitmann of the party and the Turnverein and the Fight at the Ford, that the inspiration, in fact, was a little forced. It is the merest shadow of a fancy, which we are quite unable to define, but it has suggested to us that perhaps Mr. Leland has erred in taking his hero into the pages of any magazine. To trot out that incomparable Deutscher at regular monthly intervals would very soon, unless we are greatly mistaken, bring him to premature decrepitude and dotage. That we should be sorry to see; for we believe that only a very little care and moderation is needed to ensure him a long and vigorous life, and a place in men's memories as long as humorous literature shall endure.

*Tricotrin: The Story of a Waif and Stray.* By "Ouida." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869.—The popular author of the present work has, perhaps, no comparison so dangerous to sustain as that which may be made between the average quality of her later and the well-remembered merits of her

earlier novels; her most formidable rival is her former self. In artistic finish, in deep and absorbing interest, *Strathmore* has unquestionably the advantage over *Tricotrin*; at the same time it must be acknowledged that the latter is better suited to the taste of those who are surfeited with sensationalism. The design of the plot is, if we may use the expression, elastic, and admits of all possible incidents and combinations. It ties the writer neither to time, place, country, nor clime; the *haute volée* or the *demi-monde* seem alike familiar, and the personages are as much at home with one set as with the other. All the characters are strongly marked and well defined; and so great is the contrast between them that they appear in constant and violent opposition. That of *Tricotrin* is, perhaps, the most original the author has ever drawn. We find in it traces of knowledge and power seldom given to women; and while she endows her hero with more learning and accomplishments than most men have the faculty of acquiring, yet in his moral aspect, his conflicts with the world, the vicissitudes of his inner life, his intense sufferings, and his unselfish love (which almost ennoble the beings upon whom it is undeservedly bestowed), she gives us a remarkable delineation of her own conception of the true dignity which belongs to individual man. Leading a strange wandering life, a solitary being on the frontiers of society, *Tricotrin*, who is described as "a man with the wit of a Piron, the politics of a Jean Jacques, the eloquence of a Mirabeau, the utopia of a Vergniaud, a man with the head of a god and the blouse of a workman, the brain of a scholar and the life of a scamp, the soul of a poet and the schemes of a socialist," discovers one day in his walks a little child, half-Indian, in the long grass, tied to the vines and oushes, and left there to perish:

"How the sun shines on you, as if you were a princess," he soliloquized to her. "Ah! nature is a terrible socialist: what republicans she would make of men if they listened to her! But there is no fear for them—they are not fond enough of her school! You look very comfortably settled here, and how soon you will get life over! You are very fortunate. You will suffer a little bit—pa! What of that? Everybody suffers that little bit sooner or later, and it grows sharper the longer it is put off. Suppose you were picked up by somebody and lived, it would be very bad for you. You would be a lovely woman, and lovely women are the devil's aides-de-camp."

*Tricotrin* runs on in this way for some time, and philosophizes after his own fashion, seriously advising the little being not to throw away the golden opportunity of getting rid of life easily, but she only answers, "Viva! Viva!" and he is finally persuaded to save the pretty laughing waif, and consigns her to the care of a kind-hearted old woman, who watches over her childhood under her master's direction, and takes care of her until *Tricotrin* yields to Viva's entreaties and transports her to Paris. Here all the worst features of her character are developed. Beautiful, attractive, impulsive, and not deficient in natural affection, she is yet so filled with self-love, so overflowing with vanity and ambition, as to leave no room for her better feelings to expand. Her admiration for the fast life of which she obtains a few stolen glimpses extends only to the splendor of its surroundings. She is profoundly selfish in spirit; all her aims tend toward the acquirement of wealth and position, and although at times she is stung with remorse for her ingratitude toward her benefactor, she makes her aspirations to rank and distinction an excuse for conduct which is almost criminal. No interest can possibly attach to such a woman, yet we follow her through the story with some anxiety out of sympathy for *Tricotrin*. The character of Estmere is well imagined and well drawn; that of Coriolis is a coarsely-painted picture of a woman without one redeeming point, and the scenes at her house, though drawn by the author with much dramatic skill, disclose phases of life which should be veiled from the innocent of her sex. We could wish that in any future novel she would favor us with a little more simplicity of style, if only for the sake of variety; that in describing trifling things she would be thoroughly natural, not always striving to be brilliant and to surround herself with an atmosphere of exaggerated splendor. She has, however, given sufficient evidence to the world of the validity of her claim to be considered an original and powerful writer, and to justify us in hoping that her greatest work is yet to come.

*The Evidences of Christianity.* By Ebenezer Dodge, D.D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1869.—There seems to have been no particular reason for the publication of this apology other than that Professor Dodge's lectures on the subject in Madison University had grown too voluminous for the students to copy in the time allotted to the study. It is the misfortune of this class of books that their authors, in attempting to prove too much, fall into all sorts of errors and defeat the object they have in view. Dr. Dodge, for instance, in the volume before us, endeavors to prove the existence of God and the immortality of the soul—attempts about as rational and successful as those made to square the circle or discover perpetual motion. In the very nature of things they are and must remain matters of belief and inference, and the teacher who professes logically to demonstrate their existence is but a theological impostor. The author gives the result of his researches into the evidences of Christianity in eight short chapters, embracing an examination into the historical character of the New Testament and the various phases of the Christian religion. We cannot compliment him upon his labors. He apparently fancies that reiterated assertion is a valid substitute for logic, and is altogether blind to historic parallels when they tell against his theories. Thus, he quotes Turkey as an illustration of the shortcomings of Mohammedanism, forgetting that the Turk might with far more justice cite the examples of such countries as Spain as a proof of the failure of Christianity. Again, he points to the historical triumphs of Christianity as a proof of its divine origin, ignoring the fact that after eighteen centuries of gospel light and preaching three-fourths of the world is still in heathen darkness and half the Christianized portion split up into an infinitude of divisions bitterly hostile to each other; while in our own country and abroad the highest intellects are denying altogether the divine nature of the founder of the Christian faith. Professor Dodge's work, so far from strengthening one's faith in Christianity, leaves behind the impression that the system must be defective when the apologists are so impotent.

*A Book of Golden Deeds of all Times and all Lands, Gathered and Narrated by the Author of the Heir of Redclyffe.* Boston and Cambridge: Sever, Francis & Co. 1869.—Like the *Golden Treasury* already noticed in these columns, this is a cheaper and smaller edition of a book whose popularity has been such as to justify its publishers in putting forth this new issue. Miss Yonge is an agreeable and practised writer, and the stories of self-sacrifice and gallantry which she has here collected lose nothing from the simplicity and clearness of her style. The book is printed with the same care and typographical beauty which we commended in its predecessor, and makes a very pretty 18mo volume.



BOOKS RECEIVED.

FIELDS, OSGOOD & Co., Boston.—The Brawnville Papers; being Memorials of the Brawnville Athletic Club. Edited by Moses Coit Tyler. Pp. 215. 1869.  
P. O'SHEA, New York.—Poems. By William James McClure. Pp. 148. 1869.  
G. P. PUTNAM & SON, New York.—By-ways of Europe. By Bayard Taylor. Pp. 470. 1869.  
CHARLES SCRIBNER & CO., New York.—Clips from a German Workshop. By Max Müller, M.A., Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. 2 vols. Pp. 374. 402. 1869.  
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.—Force and  
PAMPHLETS.  
FELT & DILLINGHAM, New York.—Cassell's Representative Biographies: Queen Victoria, The Rt. Hon. B. Disraeli.  
The Radical, Once a Month, The Children's Hour, The Overland Monthly, Littell's Living Age, The  
Nature, Attraction and Repulsion: the Radical Principles of Energy, discussed in their relations to Physical and Morphological Developments. By Charles Frederick Winslow, M.D. Pp. 422. 1869.  
LEVYHOLDT & HOLT, New York.—Biographical Sketches. By Harriet Martineau. Pp. 458. 1869.  
JAMES S. CLAXTON, Philadelphia.—Little Meg's Children. Pp. 204. 1869.  
Frank Gordon; or, When I was a Little Boy. By Rev. F. R. Goulding. Pp. 179. 1869.  
Eclectic, Every Saturday, Good Words for the Young (London), The Danish Islands, The Little Corporal, The Workshop, Memoirs of the Peabody Academy of Science, Arthur's Home Magazine.

TABLE-TALK.

WE greatly regret the untimely decease of Mr. James Harper, senior member of the eminent publishing firm of Harper & Brothers, of this city. On the afternoon of the 25th ult., while taking a drive in the Central Park in company with his daughter, the horses took fright, and the occupants of the carriage were thrown out. Mr. Harper was taken up insensible and promptly removed to St. Luke's Hospital, but never recovered consciousness, and died on Easter eve, at the ripe age of 74. The deceased was born on Long Island, of English and Dutch parents, and came to seek his fortune in New York when a lad of sixteen. Intelligent, industrious, and economical, he soon started a small establishment of his own, was joined by his brother John, also a printer, and afterwards by Wesley and Fletcher, two younger brothers. The firm prospered; from printers they grew into publishers, and in 1825 the four brothers formed a partnership which remained intact till severed by the recent death of the senior partner. As a business man Mr. Harper had few equals, and the massive marble buildings and the immense establishment which his unremitting diligence and keen foresight built up bear to-day as strong evidence to his abilities as does the pile of St. Paul's to the genius of a Wren. With great business capacity, he combined quick appreciation of character, a large fund of humor, and a rare degree of true Christian benevolence. Mr. Harper leaves behind him the bright example of a successful and unblemished life, and has been gathered to his fathers honored and respected by all who knew him.

MR. MARKINFIELD ADDEY will shortly publish *Eminent Living Americans*, a volume of biographical sketches of celebrated persons in politics, the army, navy, the church, the law, the commercial world, and in literature, science, and art. If the book fulfils the promise of the prospectus it will be extremely valuable as a work of reference.

WE find in the *Journal des Débats* a very interesting biographical sketch of Hobart Pasha, lately become so prominent in connection with the Turko-Greek difficulty. He belongs to the Buckinghamshire family, one of the oldest in the county of Norfolk, England. The splendor of this house dates back to Sir James Hobart, attorney-general and member of the Privy Council in the reign of Henry II., since which time its members have held many high official positions and seats in the Commons. In 1740 Sir John Hobart, already a baronet since 1728, was elevated to a life peerage. His eldest son, the second Lord Buckinghamshire, was in 1762 ambassador to Russia, and in 1777 Viceroy of Ireland. Three other members of the family inherited in succession the title, which descended in 1849 to the present lord, born in 1793. His third son, Augustus Charles Hobart (Pasha) was born in April, 1829, educated for the army, and married in 1848 a daughter of Colquhoun Grant, surgeon-general to the English fleet at Corfu. In 1851 he was a lieutenant in the Royal Marines, in which corps he still ranks as a captain. A short time ago he entered the Turkish service at the advice of Captain Slade, better known as Mushaver Pasha, who has since 1849 been charged with the reform of the Turkish navy and the reorganization of the imperial fleet. Hobart Pasha was recently raised to the rank of vice-admiral. His eldest brother, Lord Hobart, at present superintends the affairs of the Anglo-Turkish Bank. During our war, Hobart Pasha twelve times ran the blockade of Charleston, and published his experiences under the title *Never Caught*. When the Turks sent him to Crete to put a stop to the doings of the *Erosis*, General Ignatieff, the Russian ambassador, used every exertion to have him kept back. Political reasons failing, the complaint of a Russian house was used by Ignatieff to demand Hobart's arrest and detention at Constantinople. The English consulate, however, defeated the scheme, and Hobart sent the Russian a copy of his *Never Caught*.

THE English papers contain a thrilling account of a terrible tragedy at sea, committed on board the barque *Cayalti*, sailing under the American flag, and related by the survivor, J. C. Codina, of Barcelona, who was picked up by the captain of the whaler *Sea Breeze*, on Crag Island. The *Cayalti* sailed from Callao, January 6, 1868; had on board a general cargo, \$20,000 specie, and forty-five coolies, in addition to a crew of ten men and Mr. Codina as a passenger. The narrative says:

"On the second morning out of port, between four and five o'clock, being about daylight, the steward having just turned out to prepare breakfast, the Chinese rose, seized and bound him to the foremast; killed the second mate, who had charge of the deck, and threw his body overboard; struck the man at the wheel with the cook's axe, severed his left arm from his body, and left him lying on deck in a helpless condition, but not dead. The other two men comprising the watch being aloft, escaped for the time being, but to share a worse fate. The captain and mate being aroused by the noise on deck, and the cries of mortal agony of the poor man at the wheel, tore up the seats from the cabin table, and with them jumped through the cabin windows into the sea, no doubt thinking they might possibly reach the shore, which was about eighteen miles distant, and plainly visible; but the murderers lowered a boat, and with repeated blows, totally disregarding their supplications, killed them in the water, in full view of Mr. Codina, who was alone in the cabin. On the return of the boat they seized the remainder of the crew, took them into the waist, tied their hands behind their backs, lashed them to a hawser, made fast a kedge anchor of about 400 lbs., and threw them into the sea, six in number, the wounded man included. One of the crew, a coolie of Mr. Codina's, joined the pirates, and was not included in the massacre. He was the cause of the trouble, having seen and helped to place the money on board, and informed the Chinamen of its being there, and no doubt connived with them in regard to the piracy. After disposing of the crew in this inhuman and barbarous manner, about twenty of them, armed as they best could with the axes, knives, etc., from the cook's galley, proceeded to the cabin and burst open the doors. Mr. Codina, now sole survivor of the crew, was in the cabin momentarily expecting his own death, but found a friend where he least expected to find one. By the advice of this boy, Codina directed the pirates where to find the specie and opium, and on this account they spared his life."

After this the vessel was driven about for about 100 days, the coolies being ignorant of navigation, till Crag Island, in the extreme North Pacific, was reached, when Mr. Codina, who was allowed to go on shore, refused to return. What became of the vessel and its murderous crew is not known.

A NOVEL sensation scene is "thrilling" play-goers at the London Holborn Theatre. The play is *Fettered*, a new drama by Mr. Watts Phillips. The critic of the *London Review* thus describes the pith of the plot:

"The villain, a married man, wants to run off with the beautiful maiden of the piece, and has enticed her into giving him an appointment in a mill—the outside of which, with the mill-head and stream, are seen on the stage. Up this stream, being the only method of reaching the mill, swims the hero of the piece, who is in love with the villain's wife. She, in turn, is hastening toward the mill to warn her husband that officers of the law are about to capture him. The hero clings on to the mill-wheel, is lifted up, and thus enters the building. Presently the villain and his victim appear on a projecting bit of the mill, and he swears that, if the people attempt to capture him, he will plunge the maiden into the water. The hero comes out and seizes him, rescuing the maiden; and the villain's wife also appears. The villain, by a single turn of the wrist, opens the sluice-gate—the dammed-up waters overflow—the mill rocks and sways—the mill-wheel sinks—lightning flashes—the heavens and earth seem to reel together—the villain jumps into the rushing and foaming water—his wife falls into her lover's arms—and, as the mill itself tumbles to pieces, the first comedian appears to save all the good people by means of an opportune ladder."

ACCORDING to the returns of the English post-office department in India, the correspondence has increased there even more rapidly than in Great Britain. Already a light letter can be forwarded five thousand miles for three-quarters of a penny, and now the weight is to be doubled. Since Lord Dalhousie introduced, fourteen years ago, cheap postage, the number of letters and newspapers annually sent has risen from twenty-eight and three-quarter millions to sixty millions. In the decade ending in 1860 the net gain of the postal administration had increased from £80,956 to £437,864.

BESIDE the Duke of Norfolk, who was born in December, 1847, five British peers have come of age during the past year: the Marquis of Bute, the Marquis of Huntley, Lords Ellesmere, Ferrers, and Ilchester. Six peerages have died out: the Marquisate of Ailesbury, and the Lordship of Cardigan connected with it, the Marquisate of Hastings, and the baronetcies of Belhaven, Cranworth, Dunfermline, and Wensleydale. According to these figures the newly created peerages—eight in all—nearly balance the loss.

M. HAUSSMANN, the beautifier of Paris, has been thrown over, but not dismissed, by the Emperor. Parisians are indignant at the enormous sum—\$200,000,000,—he has spent, but can console themselves by the reflection that, after all, Paris is the most beautiful city in the world.

A REMARKABLE deviation seems to have occurred in the course of the great Chinese river Hwangho, which now enters the sea at a point 500 miles north of its recent mouth. The change is so complete that persons can walk over the old bed dry-shod.

A REDUCTION in the price of the *London Times* is said to be contemplated by the proprietors. The present charge is 3d. and the paper usually double the size of the *New York Tribune*.

A STATUE to Voltaire will shortly be raised in Paris. The subscription lists yielded the sum of \$7,180, which is considered ample. Houdon's model is the one chosen, and the monument will stand in the Rue de Rennes, close to the Institute of France.

THE *Newspaper Press Directory* states that there are now published in Great Britain and Ireland 1,372 newspapers, of which 89 are dailies, and 655 magazines and reviews, 248 of them of a religious character.

PROFESSOR MAX MULLER has been elected one of the eight foreign associates of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres.

MADAME NORMAN NERUDA, a lady violinist, performed Mendelssohn's concerto at the last of M. Padeloup's concerts in Paris.

THE Parisian journal *Paris* recently gave a concert to all its subscribers.

CHESS.

NOTHING shows more clearly the increasing development of Chess than the accessions made yearly to its literature. As a science it seems to attract more and more the attention of analytical minds. Thus, when Chess might be said to be in its infancy in England, the gambits were but little known and seldom played, except by first-rate practitioners when giving odds. Captain Evans, the inventor of the famous gambit which bears his name, imparted his discovery some thirty-five years ago to the celebrated Macdonnell and the members of the old Westminster Chess Club, but it was only after many years' research and analysis that this opening was brought to its present state of perfection, where either the attack or defence in the hands of a master renders the result of the game almost a certainty. Lewis, Jæmisch, Staunton, Von der Laza, and a host of brilliant names are to be classed among the writers to whom Chess is most indebted, not forgetting of course the time-honored name of Philidor, whose ability as an analyst has but rarely been equalled and never surpassed.

GAME XL.

In the following game Messrs. Barnett, Dill, and Mackenzie, of the New York Chess Club, consult together against Messrs. Brenzinger, Delmar, and Gilberg, of the Brooklyn Chess Club.

KING'S GAMBIT EVASDED.

WHITE—New York. BLACK—Brooklyn.  
1. P to K4. 1. P to K4.  
2. P to KB4. 2. B to QB4.

According to the latest analysis of the King's Gambit, Black's best move is to take the Pawn.

3. Kt to KB3. 3. P to Q3.  
4. P to QB3. 4. B to KKt5.  
5. B to K2. 5. B takes Kt.  
6. B takes B. 6. Kt to QB3.

They might have prevented White from casting by taking P with P and subsequently giving check with Q at R5, but the move made is probably safer.

7. P to QKt4. 7. B to QKt5.  
8. P to QKt5. 8. QKt to K2.  
9. P to Q4. 9. Kt to KKt3.

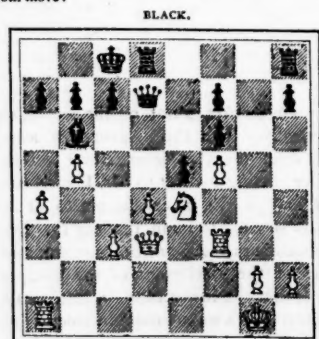
A deviation from the usual mode of play, which is Pawn takes QP.

10. P to KB5. 10. Kt to KR5.  
11. Castles. 11. Kt takes B ch.  
12. R takes Kt. 12. Kt to KB3.  
13. B to KKt5. 13. Q to Q2.  
14. Q to Q3. 14. P to Q4.

Well played, as it breaks up White's centre Pawns.  
15. B takes Kt. 15. P takes B.  
16. Kt to Q2. 16. Castles (QR).  
17. P to QR4. 17. P takes KP.  
18. Kt takes KP. 18. P takes QP.

This move, which at the first glance appears to be a very good one, was not sufficiently considered and costs Black the game. The correct play, we believe, would have been to have moved B to QK4.

We append a diagram of the position after White's 18th move:



WHITE.

19. P takes P dis ch. 19. P takes P dis ch.  
20. Q takes Q. 20. Q takes Q.  
21. R takes R. 21. R takes R.  
22. P takes RP. 22. K to Q2.  
23. Kt to QB5 ch.

It was this check that the Brooklyn players failed to take into account, when they allowed their Bishop to be won on the 19th move.

24. Kt takes R. 23. K to Q3.  
25. K to B2. 24. R to QR.

And after a few more moves Black resigned.



GAME XLI.

Played between Messrs. Bird and Macdonnell in the Challenge Cup Tournament of the British Chess Association.

RUY LOPEZ KNIGHT'S GAME.

WHITE.—Mr. M. BLACK.—Mr. B.  
1. P to K4 1. P to K4  
2. Kt to KB3 2. Kt to QB3  
3. B to QKt5 3. Kt to Q5

Anything but a good defence to the Ruy Lopez attack.

4. Kt takes Kt 4. P takes Kt  
5. P to Q3 5. Q to KR5

It is difficult to conceive how a player of Mr. Bird's ability and experience could make such a move as this in an important match game.

6. Castles 6. Kt to KB3  
7. Kt to Q3 7. B to QB4  
8. P to KB4

The early advance of the BP is one of the advantages that White derives from his adversary's third move.

9. Kt to KB3 8. Castles  
10. P to K5 9. Q to KR4  
11. B to QB4 10. Kt to Q4  
12. Q to K 11. Kt to K2  
12. P to QR3

This looks very tame, but it is difficult to discover any move that would be of much avail in Black's present situation.

13. Kt to KKt5 13. P to QKt4  
14. B to QKt3 14. B to QKt4  
15. P to KB3 15. P to KR3  
16. Kt to K4 16. B takes Kt  
17. Q takes B 17. QR to Q  
18. P to KB6 18. Kt to KKt3  
19. P to KKt4

And Black resigns.

Mr. Macdonnell plays this game irreproachably, taking full advantage of the opportunities afforded him by his opponent's faulty management of the opening.

GAME XLII.

Played in Vienna by Mr. Kolisch against Messrs. De Rothschild and Decker in consultation; Mr. K. conducting this and two other games simultaneously without sight of the chessboard.

FRENCH OPENING.

WHITE.—Mr. K. BLACK.—Messrs. De R. and D.  
1. P to K4 1. P to K3  
2. P to Q4 2. P to Q4  
3. Kt to QB3 3. B to QKt5

Recommended by Messrs de Riviere and Neumann as the best reply to White's "sortie" with the Kt.

4. B to Q3 4. P takes P  
5. B takes P 5. Kt to KB3  
6. B to Q3 6. Kt to QB3  
7. Kt to KB3 7. P to KR3  
8. Castles 8. B takes Kt  
9. P takes B 9. Castles  
10. B to K3 10. Kt to Q4

Feebly played, inviting the advance of White's QBP.

11. P to QB4 11. Kt takes B  
12. P takes Kt 12. P to KB4  
13. P to QB3 13. P to QKt3  
14. P to K4 14. Kt to K2  
15. Kt to K5 15. Q to K  
16. Q to K2 16. Kt to KKt3  
17. Kt takes Kt 17. Q takes Kt  
18. B to Q2 18. B to Q2  
19. QR to KB 19. R to KB2  
20. P to Q5

An admirable move, which adds greatly to the superiority of White's position.

21. P to K5 20. QR to KB  
22. QR to B3 21. Q to KKt4  
23. R to KKt3 22. Q to K2  
24. R to KKt6 23. K to R  
24. P to QR4

This seems to us to be lost time, at a very critical period of the game.

25. Q to KR5 25. Q to QB4 ch  
26. R to Q4

If K to R Black would probably have moved Q to K6.

27. P to KKt4 26. R to K2  
28. KtP takes BP 27. KP takes QP  
29. R takes RP ch 28. R takes KP

Beautifully played; this sacrifice, we believe, leaves White with a forced won game.

30. Q takes RP ch 29. P takes R  
31. Q to Kt6 ch 30. K to Kt  
32. K to Kt 31. K to R

Threatening mate on the move: Mr. Kolisch evidently "saw" that had he played his King to R, his opponents could have won the Queen for two Rooks by checking at K8 with R, then at Kt8, and finally pinning the Queen at KKt square.

33. Q to R6 ch 32. Q to K2  
34. Q takes R ch 33. Q to KR2  
35. Q takes Q ch 34. Q to Kt ch  
36. K to B3 35. K takes Q  
37. K to B4 36. K to B2  
38. R takes QP 37. K to B3  
39. P to KR4 38. R to K2  
40. P to KR5 39. R to KR2

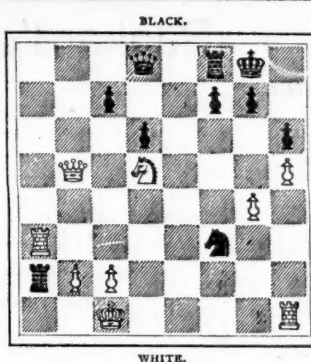
To judge from this game, we should say that Mr. Kolisch plays just as well without the chessboard as with it.

41. P to QB5 40. B to K  
42. R to Q8 41. P to QKt4  
43. P to B6 ch 42. K to K2

The most expeditious way of winning.

44. B takes R 43. K takes R  
45. K to Kt5 44. B takes RP  
46. P to QR3 45. B to B2  
47. B to KKt6 46. K to K

END GAME.—The following very interesting position occurred in a game between Messrs. Golmayo and Loyd in the Paris Congress of 1867.



TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. E. T., Philadelphia.—We are obliged to you for the problem, and shall be glad to hear from you again.

H. A. B., Detroit, Mich.—Thanks for the games sent, which shall have due attention. We will attend to your request.

T. D., Paterson, N. J.—There is no American Chess Magazine at present in existence.

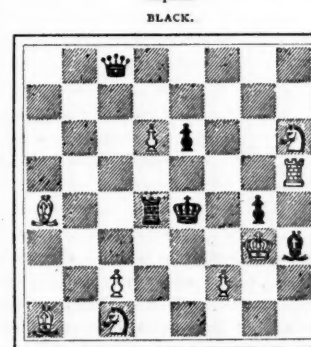
W. S. P., N. Y.—Your blindfold game has been received and is under examination.

F. H. M., Cleveland, Ohio.—Solution to problem XXIII, is correct; that to XXIV, is wrong.

J. N. B., Chicago; T. N., Boston; G. W., Richmond; S. H., Brooklyn.—Solutions correct.

We learn from a correspondent that Captain Michaelis and Mr. Harsen D. Smith, the winners of the two prizes in the recent Michigan State Tournament, are playing a friendly match, in which Captain Michaelis, up to the present time has scored 3 games to his opponent's 1, 2 games having been drawn; the winner of the first seven games is to be declared the victor.

PROBLEM XXVII. By Mr. W. E. Tinney, Philadelphia.



White to play and checkmate in three moves.

Mr. Loyd, who was playing the Black pieces, now announced mate in eight moves, and the game was continued as follows:

WHITE.—Mr. G. BLACK.—Mr. L.  
2. R takes R 1. R to QRS ch  
3. K to Kt 2. Q to KKt4 ch  
4. K to B 3. Kt to Q7 ch  
5. K to Kt 4. Kt to QKt6 dbl ch  
6. R takes Q 5. Q to QBS ch

By taking the Queen White enables his opponent to effect the announced mate; he ought instead to have moved K to QR2 when the following is a probable continuation:

6. K to R2 6. Q takes QBP  
7. Kt takes QBP 7. Kt takes QR  
8. Kt to QR6 8. Kt to QKt6  
9. Q takes Kt 9. Q to QB3  
10. R to Q 10. Q takes Kt ch

And Black, though remaining with a Pawn ahead, would find it by no means an easy task to win.

6. Kt to K7 ch  
7. R to QR ch  
8. R takes Q mate

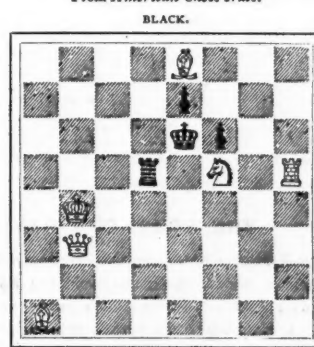
SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

PROBLEM XXV. WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Q to QR5 1. Any move  
2. B mates

PROBLEM XXVI. WHITE. BLACK.  
1. B to QKt6 1. B takes B (a)  
2. R to Kt 2. B to QB4  
3. R to QKt4 ch 3. B takes K  
4. Kt to QKt6 mate (a)

2. R takes KP 1. B to K2  
3. B to QB5 2. B to KB3  
4. Kt or R mates 3. Any move

PROBLEM XXVIII. By Mr. S. Loyd. From American Chess Nuts.



White to play and checkmate in two moves.

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